The Weekly Pacific.

"First Pure then Peaceable—without Partiality and without Hypocrisy."

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The Weekly Pacific.

Finding the Leak.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"Now, what shall I do for your comfort or amusement this evening, old lady?" inquired Mr. Murray Cooper of his devoted wife, as he bit off the end of a cigar, and fumbled behind an engraving by Landseer for the match-box, that he always insisted on having there, just where he could reach it.

"There's the paper—but that I've read; and I looked through 'Harper' as I came along. Shall I crack some nuts? That reminds me that I must get one of those patent-lever nut-crackers. I saw one at Smith's to-day, and a gridiron, the most complete arrangement you ever saw for doing a steak—catches the smoke and the gravy at the same time."

"How much was it? You know ours came with the stove, and isn't two years old yet."

"O, a dollar or so, I suppose—a mere trifle. —Must you sew to-night? Always that everlasting work-basket? Why don't you have a seamstress? How much would it cost, now, to have all that pile sewed up for once?"

"A dollar or so," retorts Mrs. Murray, playfully; and as she drew out her thimble and needle-book, the grocer's communication was discovered on the top of her work-box.

"Had any letters to-day? who is that from? I say Matty, suppose we should begin to think of a little place in the country, next spring? Lawton was talking about that lot on the bend of the Bronx, you know, again to-day." And two or three satisfactory puffs filled up a short pause, as Mr. Cooper threw himself back in his own particular easy-chair. "We must have saved something this year towards it, you're such an industrious little woman, and deserve to have a house of your own, and everything nice about you, if anybody does.—Whom did you say that was from? It's time you heard from your sister, isn't it? And a hand was stretched past her, as, with the most complacent air, Mr. Cooper possessed himself of the missive.

His wife's spirits had gradually been sinking since the opening of the work-box. She knew perfectly well that she was considered as responsible for every item of the account, as if each barrel of flour and pound of coffee had been purchased for her sole individual benefit. Mr. Cooper's face clouded with the direction of the letter, clouded with breaking open the envelope; the storm burst with his first glance at the sum total.

"A hundred and fifteen dollars! did you see that, Martha?—a hundred dollars and over, when it ought not to have been thirty-five, with all I paid in July. What in the world did you order when I was away in the fall? I never had these things charged."

"Only what was necessary."

"Necessary! I should think so, with all the waste that goes in that kitchen. I wish you'd see after your cook, Martha, as I've told you a hundred times. It would be a great deal cheaper to put out this everlasting sewing, and attend more to your house."

"I try to do both," said Mrs. Cooper, mildly, bending before the gust, as it were knowing it to be invitable.

"Try! yes, I dare say; it looks like it, with all the bread I see thrown out—enough to feed a dozen poor families. Three barrels of flour! no wonder."

"There is quite half of the last one year."

"And sugar and coffee; don't tell me. There's Lawton says they use only a half barrel of white sugar every year. His wife does her jelly in coffee-crushed."

So had Mrs. Cooper, until she found that it was cheaper to use that which did not need refining, and her husband never thought he could touch mutton or game without currant jelly, and had almost a juvenile fondness for sweet-meats of every description. She knew perfectly well what became of the sugar.

"And butter—yes, it's the butter. How much do you think we've had since October?" said her husband, presently, with the air of a virtuous judge condemning a criminal found guilty on every point of an indictment. "I told you Ann wasted butter from the first. How can you expect we shall ever get along in the world, Martha, if you don't see after your servants? What's the use of denying myself everything?"—for Mr. Cooper here recollected a cane, a pair of fur lined gloves, and a fancy traveling-cap that he had severally dismissed from his thoughts in the most resolute manner—"everything, I may say, for your sake and the children's if this is the way you are to go on."

It was certainly an unexpected amount to Mrs. Cooper, who, invariably economical, thought she had been especially careful the last six months.—She was very sorry. It was hard when she, too, could enumerate self-denials of time and patience, and had braved cross looks, and spoiled dinners, and "warnings," with a houseful of company, in the inspection of Ann's closets and safes, and repeated rebukes and corrections of her carelessness. Though economical to the last degree, there was nothing she shrank from so much as an approach to meanness, or being considered so by others. Perhaps it was her own special weakness, this dread; but even that she tried to put down in doing a housekeeper's duty faithfully.

Her husband, is not in the least pacified by her admission "that it might have been the butter, replaced the bill in its envelope with the air of a man whose substance is "wasted by riotous living," and sent it skimming on the table—to the floor, indeed under the lounge, where his wife found it in dusting, the next morning. She was rather heavy-hearted, for the evening, which promised so much, closed very uncomfortably, she stitching away in silence, and her husband declining to amuse himself or be entertained, gloomed over the fire, after his cigar was finished, and stalked off to bed an hour earlier than usual.

"Really, I cannot understand it. I thought I had been so very careful. I don't wonder Murray is discouraged; and yet I don't see how I could have done without anything we have had."

Mrs. Cooper laid down her duster, and opened the uncomfortable account. It was a very long face, and a very perplexed one that the opposite mirror reflected; but it brightened visibly before she had finished her inspection of the various items, and her cheerfulness had entirely returned even to gaiety before she had finished copying off some of them on a sheet by themselves. If she made any discoveries she kept them to herself that evening; but, when her husband hung up his overcoat in his office the next day, and felt in the outside pocket for a clean handkerchief, he found with it a note, in his wife's hand-writing, addressed to himself.

It was odd. Perhaps he had been too hasty in condeming her, or too severe, rather, considering how very fond she was of him, and how she felt even a word. Poor child! He would overlook it, this once; and so he broke the seal.

He thought it was another bill, at first glance, and that she had been afraid to give it to him after his late outburst; but it was in his wife's handwriting and headed.—

"WASTE" FOR 1856!

1 bottle of brandy	$1.25
1 box of cigars	4.00
1 gallon of brandy	6.00
1 demijohn	1.00
1 box of cigars	4.00
1 case of claret	5.00
1 gallon of Sherry wine	6.00
1 box of cigars	4.50
1 box of cigars	4.50
	$35.75

He could not understand it all at first; but, as he glanced at the dates, each one made it clearer and clearer. Really he could not have believed that these little "stores," laid in, from time to time, for himself and a friend or so, who was accustomed to "drop in," could amount to so much. Mrs. Cooper did not drink brandy, or Sherry wine, or smoke cigars, so the "waste" lay at his own door, after all.

Mrs. Cooper, sitting by the front window, at twelve o'clock, saw the office boy arrive with a return dispatch. It was short, but contained a full acknowledgment of his own error in the matter of the leakage.

Godey's Ladies' Book.

[ORIGINAL].

THE SLEEP OF THE SAILOR.

BY W. P. H.

The sailor boy sleeps in the deep blue sea,
Away from his own green home;
And they who watched o'er his infant sleep,
No vigils of love, o'er his grave may keep:
He sleeps 'neath the blue sea's foam.

Oh, bright was his smile, though he wandered away
From his father's hearth to dwell;
But sad were the hearts he left behind,
And sad the voices, though sweet and kind,
That bade him a last farewell.

And oft he turned from the green hill side,
To gaze with a tearful sigh,
While his heart went back to the summer tours,
And his thoughts were all of the sunny hours,
That floated in gladness by.

Then merry and glad as a vernal bird,
With a heart as free and wild,
Neath the linden shade which the vine crept o'er,
The tall old tree by his father's door,
As sported a joyous child.

The wanderer gazed, and a shadow dark,
O'er his bright vision fell;
He thought that his image might one day fade,
Like his own foot-prints from the woodland shade:
From hearts that loved so well.

The cottage gleamed in the golden light
Of the early autumn's sun;
And the sweet streams smiled as he passed them by,
As he brushed the drop from his tearful eye:
And the sailor boy wandered on.

He reached the home of his childish dream,
The deep white-crested wave;
With a bounding heart, saw the sails unfurled,
That bore him on o'er the billowy world:
To find in its depths, a grave.

He sleeps, and the tones of his mother's voice,
He hears in the murmuring deep;
He lives in his dreams his childhood o'er—
He sports again by the cottage door,
And smiles in his fitful sleep.

Not the storm-spirit that howls in wrath,
As it rides o'er the ocean's foam,
But gentle and still as the summer's breath,
Comes a voice of love to that couch of death,
And summoned his spirit home.

Rev. Wm. R. Williams, D. D.

For nearly a quarter of a century the name and career of Dr. Williams have been identified with the history of the Baptist church in this city. His father was the Rev. John Williams, a native of Wales, who came to this country in 1795. For twenty-seven years, he was the pastor of the Olive street Baptist church, until his death, in 1825. His earnest and devoted piety, his decision of character, his unbending firmness of principle, his ever warm and glowing charity, are still affectionately remembered in the hearts of some who still survive, and the mantle of his virtues has fallen upon the shoulders of the more distinguished son. Dr. Williams, for more than twenty-five years—he was settled in 1831—has been the beloved pastor of his present charge. He has evidently framed his own theological system mainly from the Scripture standards. It was never his privilege to be the inmate of a theological seminary. His choice of a pursuit of life in his early days led him to fit himself for the legal profession. He had already entered upon its duties, and a brilliant and successful career seemed to be opening before him, when a new and holier purpose drew him aside to the service of Christ in the ministry of the Gospel. How strong the influence of Christian principle must have been in bringing about this decision, may be judged by the reply of John Jay, in whose office he studied, to the remark which a friend made him as to having in his office "a rather smart son of a Baptist minister." "My friend," said Jay, "there is not now in the city of New York a lawyer of profounder talent than this young Williams." Indeed his whole life has been that of a close student, to be appalled by no difficulties which energy and perseverance could overcome; and when these were combined with his intellectual grasp, his analytical power, and surprising memory, his success as a scholar in any career which he might have selected could not long have remained doubtful. He was graduated at Columbia College, at the age of eighteen, studied law three years in the office of Mr. Jay, and six years later, at the age of twenty-seven, entered upon the sphere of pastoral duty with which he has since been connected. It is said that his *call* to the ministry was peculiar. It is the practice of the Baptists in their individual churches, to set apart men to preach the Gospel on the principles of strict Independency. The church to which Mr. Williams belonged was without a pastor. At a meeting of members the necessity of securing one was under consideration. The name of one and another eminent minister was proposed. At length a venerable man remarked that he believed there was a young man in the congregation whose duty it was to become a minister, and to be the spiritual guide of that flock. Others said the same thing. All seemed to know who was meant, but none named him. By-and-by a modest young lawyer arose, and said he trusted that no diffidence would restrain a young man from yielding to the voice of the church, which, in such a case, might perhaps be considered the voice of God. Then, to his surprise and confusion, he was told, "*Thou art the man!*" He was not disobedient to the call. And that man was William R. Williams.

Although Dr. Williams is singularly unobtrusive, modest, and retiring, his worth is well known. His judgment inspires confidence; and one of the heaviest blows which the "Bible Union" ever received came from his pen, in the shape of objections to the principles and measures which it chose to adopt. Dr. William's fame is no transient bubble. It has been fairly earned, by diligent study and persevering and faithful toil. It is a gem which time will polish and not corrode. It is a noble testimony to his real worth, that his ambition can not be tempted to seek a larger field or a more distinguished position. Almost any professional sphere which he might have selected would have been freely opened to him, and repeatedly has he been urged to leave his present post to occupy such a position. But to his mind the temptation was powerless. The youth who resisted the allurements of a brilliant prospect in the legal profession, has become the veteran of the pulpit, who asks only to be useful as a faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

He has visited Europe on three occasions—the last in 1853, on account of his health. We can scarcely imagine any one who would more thoroughly enjoy the scenes beyond the ocean consecrated to historic fame, or one who could enter with more zeal and hearty zest into their interesting and often thrilling associations.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Aaron Burr.

The following reminiscence is from B. F. Taylor's "*Home Made Chips:*"

Years ago, a reverend friend, now deceased, used to tell us of Aaron Burr, whom he personally knew, and from him we derived a faith never shaken, that with all his faults, Burr was not the Lucifer he has been painted.

The strange incidents of his life came to have, in some sort, the interest of a romance, and the thought, that but for a mere geographical fact, we ourself might have seen him, nay, felt his hand laid upon our young head, seemed to us as if we might have beheld the lamp of Aladdin, if we would, or looked up into the angel-face of the doomed lady of Ellerslie.

Col. Burr's eye, our friend was wont to say, never looked at, but always *into* you; a clearly defined and piercing beam. When turned upon an audience, the effect was something like sweeping it with a sunbeam reflected from a mirror, keen and startling.

There was one trait in his character in whose brilliance a thousand blemishes disappeared: his love for his hapless daughter whom the faithful-keeping sea will surrender by and by; and not only his parental fondness for Theodosia—what a beautiful name for a loving daughter, is Theodosia—"God's gift!"—but to her wonderful affection mingled with reverence for him. That man could not have been the evil being he is painted, who could keep the purest of earthly loves forever burning, and preserve until she went down in the baptism of death, the enthusiastic admiration of one of the noblest women who ever breathed the name of "father."

"I had rather not live than not to be the daughter of such a man," she writes; and again, during his absence in Europe: "how often, when my tongue and hands trembled with disease, have I besought heaven either to reunite us, or let me die at once. Yet do not hence imagine that I yield to infantile lamentations or impatience. As soon as relief from pain restored me in some measure to myself, I became more worthy of the happiness of being your daughter. Oh, my guardian angel! why were you obliged to abandon me, just when enfeebled nature doubly required your care?"

It is rather the language of lovers than of the gentle fervor of filial affection. It dignifies and hallows its object; and heavily as the shadows have fallen, this pure white ray shall shine forever upon the memory of Burr.

Webster's Birth-Place.

If nobler sentiment than the following, which were uttered by Daniel Webster, ever fell from human lips, we have yet to see them. They are indeed pearls of the rarest value, which should be cherished in the very heart of hearts by every one:

"It is only shallow-minded pretenders who make either distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, and teach them the hardships endured by the generation before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode; I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are among the living, and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind."

LONG BAR, Yuba Co., Jan. 6th, 1858.

EDITORS PACIFIC: *Gentlemen*—I casually took up a newspaper yesterday, and the first thing that caught my eye, was an article headed "A Lovely Bride." Being fond of "lovely" things, I was induced to read it, and richly was I paid for doing so. I take the liberty of handing it to you for publication. Would the thousands who enter wedlock, do as this "lovely bride" did, or would they give to this important subject a tithe of the consideration it demands, our senses would not be shocked as they now are with the long catalogue of applications for divorce, with which they are so familiar.

Yours truly,

A Lovely Bride.

I was spending an hour not long since, in turning the pages of a pleasant miscellany, in the course of which my eye fell upon the following rare, but beautiful and touching incident, in the history of one who that day was to become a bride.

A party of lively and interesting cousins and friends had early assembled at the bridal mansion for the purpose of decorating the drawing-room, where the marriage ceremony was to be performed. At length this pleasant duty being accomplished, they retired, happy in contributing to the joy of an occasion which, while it would take from them one whom they loved, would unite that one to the object of her highest regard. This room was beautifully decorated with rich and variegated bouquets, and on a centre table lay the gaily adorned bride's loaf, an object of great importance.

I said all had retired from the lovely spot; but there was one of the cousins, who a short time after, stole gently back to look once more at the varied beauty of the scene, and to indulge by herself the hopes and anticipations of an affectionate heart, for the future happiness of her friend. She gently opened the door, and was about entering, when she noticed the sofa was wheeled round to the precise spot where, that evening the happy pair, were to rise and exchange their solemn vows; and there the lovely bride was kneeling, so absorbed in her own thought that the intrusion of her friend was unnoticed. That friend stood for a moment, gazing in holy admiration at the scene; she longed gently to approach and kneel by her side, but the occasion was too sacred to admit of social union, and she retired.

And what so solemn and absorbing was occupying the thoughts of this happy being? Was it the anticipation of worldly felicity that had brought her there? Looking round upon the beauty and gaiety of the room, where in a few hours she would give her hand to him whom she preferred to all others on earth, had she, in the wildness and excess of her own emotions, fallen into a reverie? Nothing of the kind. Delighted she might be, and justly was; but she had one duty to perform; a high and holy duty, ere she plighted her vows to the object of her early affections. There, in that spot where she would soon stand, and surrender her earthly all to her husband, she would first consecrate herself to the Lord. The prior consecration was due to Him. On that altar she wished to offer an earlier and holier incense, on that spot, to make a record of the prior deed, which she had given of herself, to her superior Lord.

I know not of an earthly scene more lovely, or of an immortal being in similar circumstances, in an attitude more becoming. And I am sure, that if her intended husband had himself the love of God reigning in his heart, and could he have seen her there, whatever he might have thought of her before, his love would have said—not perhaps with perfect truth, for others, it is hoped, have done so before her—but he might be forgiven, if, in his ardor ad admiration he had exclaimed, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

What a beautiful example for the imitation of those who are about to be led to the hymeneal altar! Most beautiful, most becoming! I know not the subsequent history of that "lovely bride," but I am certain she never repented of that act of self dedication to God. She may not, indeed, have escaped sorrow and affliction, but if they were her lot, I know that God would remember the kindness of her youth. He would not forsake her. She might bury her husband, children, friends; she might suffer sickness and poverty; but in no hour would her Heavenly Father forsake her; he would guide her by his counsel, and afterwards receive her to glory. Youthful females! would you lay the foundation of future peace; would you provide against the reverses of fortune; would you have a friend and protector through this world of vicissitude; would you have consolation in the darkest night of adversity which may set in upon you; imitate the example of a "lovely bride."

The Poor Coal-Miner's Boy.

A poor coal-miner who feared God, was in the habit of always taking his Bible with him when he went down into the pit, that he might read a few verses when he left off work to eat his meals. He had a lad who worked with him, and who, having received a Bible at his Sabbath-school, by the advice of his father, took it with him too. One day when they were at work, the father turned round and stepped a few paces to reach one of his tools, when lo! a part of the roof fell in between him and the boy. The father, who was unhurt, was in great trouble to know whether the boy was killed or not. He shouted, and the boy answered; but it was to tell his father that his feet were crushed under heavy pieces of coal, and that he could not move.

"What can I do for you, my poor, dear lad?" exclaimed the father.

"Nothing, I fear, said the boy, "but my lamp is not out yet, and I am reading my Bible. The Lord is with me."

Help was called, and after some hours of hard labor, the miner's boy was found. His lamp had gone out, but the lamp of life—the Bible—had shed light upon his soul, while the body, suffocating for want of air, was about to yield up the spirit from the darkness of that horrid pit into the more than sun-glory brightness of the eternal world.

Cold Bathing,

In summer or winter we detest, except it be to jump into a river, splurge about two or three minutes, and then dress, and walk home as hastily as possible. All animate nature, except the hydric, instinctively shrinks from the application of cold water, if in health. Everybody knows that cold water cannot wash the hands clean, and yet whole tomes are scribbled about the purifying effects of cold water. Cold water kills more than it cures. Hundreds of children are killed evry year by fanatical mothers sousing them head and ears, in cold water every day.

The ordinary use of the bathing-tub is an indecency. A great deal of stuff is printed about the bathing-habits of the ancients, about the Eastern nations, and their love of the bath. What if they did love it? The average of human life is shorter, by many years among the Eastern people than among the Western. People talk glibly about the bathing habits of *Eastern nations*, and the cleanliness of the Houris, who grace the Turkish Harem, and then we essay an imitation in this fashion. A Turk takes a hot bath, we take a cold one; we jump into a bath-tub, a thing which no decent Turk ever does. We question if there is a single bath-tub in all the dominions of the Sultan, unless it be the pet property of some water-mad Yankee. A Turk washes himself under a *stream of running water*, after a vigorous first-scrubbing; so that no impure particle, loosened from one part of the body, can, by possibility, come in contact with the body again. We wash ourselves in bath-rooms as cold as Greenland; the Turk cleanses himself in an apartment almost as hot as an oven. We really cannot see how a man can make himself clean in a bath-tub, after the usual fashion.

The sum of the whole matter is this: If we want to cultivate habits of personal cleanliness and health, let us, at rational intervals, say once a week, have a room, *in fire-time*, which shows seventy degrees of Fahrenheit, and with strong soap-suds and a *boy's hair* brush, let the whole body be most thoroughly scrubbed, almost as effectually as if we were rubbing a grease-spot out of a plank floor, then let the whole surface be rinsed with warm water, running from the spiggot. When that is done, an instantaneous souse in a bath-tub, or better still, a bucket of cold water dashed on the head, falling all over the naked person, and then to be wiped dry and dress in two minutes—that, indeed, is a glorious luxury to any grown person, not an invalid. That "taking a bath" requires the exercise of a sound judgment, and that without this, it is not unattended with fatal consequences, New Yorkers especially have recently had some sad lessons. The lovely young wife of our national representative at Rome, went from the dinner-table to a warm-bath, and died in a few hours. One of our most distinguished lawyers, the State's Attorney, we believe, was, within a year found dead in his bath-room. *Mortimer Livingston*, one of New York's noblest merchants, "took a bath one morning, remaining in the water a long time. On coming out he complained of cold over his entire person, and all the means made use of to restore warmth failed, he lingered a while, and died in a few days, aged fifty years," in the very prime of life! Bishop Heber, the author of that charming hymn,

"From Greenland's icy mountains," &c.

died from the effects of a bath; and how many thousands of children are annually hurried into the grave by injudicious washings, we will not hazard to conjecture.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Price of Men.

The *Richmond South* says that the sales of negroes in Richmond have been unusually large this fall, and at unprecedently high prices. It gives a brief price current which needs no embellishment or comment to make it a very striking document to northern minds. No. 1 men sell at from thirteen hundred to two thousand dollars. No. 1 girls at from eleven to twelve hundred. These are field hands. "Likely girls," seamstresses, bring a higher price, ranging up to fifteen hundred. Good blacksmiths, fine size, ranging from twenty-two to thirty years old, bring from sixteen hundred to two thousand dollars. Carpenters and bricklayers about the same, and others in proportion! The observable features of this price current are first, that it is *men* by its own express statement, of which it gives the current market price; that these *men*, so far from want of capacity to take care of themselves, are good mechanics, of course possessed of skill, judgment and general capacity; that "likely girls," that is those comely and intelligent enough for domestic life, bring a higher price than No. 1 girls, who are so coarse and unattractive as to be suitable only for hoeing corn and tobacco and other feminine labor of that kind; that, however goods in general may be depressed in price by the hard times, human chattels maintain their price, so that the South may claim for itself the credit of holding human beings dear, in *their way!* The obvious pointing of this price current towards the renewal of the slave trade is evident. On any theory which redeems such a market as that described in this piece, from the opprobrium of the vilest cruelty, injustice and profligacy; that permits a seemingly respectable paper to make such a price current a part of its regular news—the slave trade is not only permissible but commendable; since the enslavement and sale of untutored savages is surely a less offence against humanity than the same wrong inflicted on those who are trained to these arts which fit them to support themselves and be useful members of society. The shamelessness, the utter insensibility to every sentiment of decency manifested by the *South*, understanding the term either way, as meaning the particular journal so called, or the portion of the great Southern community of which it is an exponent, cannot be surpassed by any display of human depravity; and are a striking illustration of what Paul says of the wilfully wicked. "God hath given them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient, being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, covetousness, given over to a strong delusion, that they should believe a lie." There is no need to hunt up stories of wrong to prove the utter abomination of slavery; its own friends hold it up to view.—*Ch. Mirror.*

Rogues and Race-Horses.

The Committee of London magistrates having advertised for proposals to furnish horses "to horse the City Van;" (i. e. to draw the prisoner-cart to and from the Criminal Court Rooms and the Jails.) Punch thus moralizes: "If proprietors of studs want to dispose of any high-mettled racers that have passed their prime, and would like to be sure that the animals will be put at work suitable for them, they would do well to tender them as above. Reduced race-horses cannot be more suitably employed than in the conveyance of rogues—a class of persons that they are accustomed to, and by whom they have been surrounded all their lives. A race-horse is the centre of attraction to a greater number of scoundrels, than any other thing or being is capable of collecting about it. Wherever that creature's living carcass is, there the human vultures, kites and carrion-crows are gathered together; there is the congregation of rascals and knaves in the stable, swindlers, blacklegs, and villains on the turf. It is fit that the race-horse should partly bear the burden which he may be said to have brought upon society, and assist in carting some of that human rubbish out of the way. The The quadruped is associated with the biped-brute, when the latter is in the first stage of betting man. When, by a gentle and easy transition, he is expanded into a rogue, the animal also having subsided into a hack, let their connection be still maintained and let superannuated studs be worthily employed in carrying developed sporting gents to jail." It seems strange, but it is true, that a Bishop of the English church, having a church-visitation fall on "Derby Day," postponed it and gave as a reason, the desire to attend the races. The Queen and Royal Family, Lords, Commons, and gentlemen, make it a point of duty and delight to attend the races, at which the above keen and quiet satire is aimed.

Little Things.

Mr. Irving, in his life of Washington, says that this great and good man "was careful of small things," bestowing attention on the minutest affairs of his household as closely as upon the most important concerns of the public. The editor of the *Merchant's Magazine*, in speaking of this fact, says: "No man ever made a fortune, or rose to greatness in any department, without being 'careful of small things.' As the beach is composed of grains of sand, as the ocean is made up of drops of water, so the millionaire's fortune is the aggregation of the profits of single adventures, often inconsiderable in amount. Every eminent merchant from Girard and Astor down, has been noted for his attention to details. Few distinguished lawyers have ever practiced in the courts who have not been remarkable for a similar characteristic. It was one of the most striking peculiarities of the first Napoleon's mind. The most petty details of his household expenses, the most trivial facts relating to his troops, were, in his opinion, as worthy of his attention, as the tactics of a battle, the plans of a campaign, or the revision of a code. Demosthenes, the world's unrivalled orator, was as anxious about his gestures or intonations, as about the texture of his argument or its garniture of words. Before such great examples, and in the very highest walks of intellect, how contemptible the conduct of the small minds who despise small things."

The Swedes.

A common phrase about the Swedes, repeated in all descriptions of them, is that they are the "French of the North." It does not seem to me true, and must have taken its origin in superficial resemblances, and in another age. There is a tact and politeness with the most aristocratic classes, which is somewhat French. They use the language also much, and in the last century were much imbued with French ideas. But the essential groundwork of the Swedish nature is anything but French.—They are a sober, serious people. The severe skies and dark forests of evergreen, and their Teutonic blood, have brought forth a solemn, almost superstitious temperament. There is much ardor and force apparent in all classes, the natural accompaniment of their vigorous constitutions and sanguine habit of body. But with this always a certain seriousness or religiosity, not a poetic sadness, as in the Hungarian temperament, or an over-strained earnestness, as in the American, but a soberness as from a tendency of the mind to fasten on unseen and spiritual phenomena. This, too, being a matter more of feeling than of reflection; for the nation does not at all impress you as do the Germans—as a people skeptical or given to inquiring into spiritual truths. The same thing is true of the Norwegian, though not to so great a degree. The Norwegian is a modern democrat by the side of the Swede, the old aristocrat; rough, ready, manly, intelligent, equal to any one, and accustomed to battle with the most stern powers of nature. The Swede is more refined, courteous and gentle, with more poetry and superstitions clinging to him, but still with the old Norse power in him. I confess, of the two, the Swede is to me the more interesting, though by no means the more valuable to the world. Both nations are essentially inclined to superstition.—*The "Norse Folk," by C. L. Brace.*

Poverty in Wealth.

A London merchant, named James Morrison, lately died, worth $20,000,000. He had been in Parliament, he was liberal in his expenditures, he paid his debts, and therefore the English journals, which are severe upon poor people, have raised Mr. Morrison to the seventh heaven of fulsome eulogy. He made his money, however, in no very laudable manner. Any trader who was "in a tight place" had only to give Mr. Morrison a supply of goods in marketable condition, at half the cost price, and that liberal gentleman would immediately give him a check. Now and then, to be sure, he came within a hair's breath of being prosecuted as a "receiver," but always drove just outside the operation of the law. In London, where he was known, such a character was a fair mark for sarcasm, and we find his history and mode of trading very fully shadowed out in the last number of Dickens's *Household Words*, where, under the title of "Twenty Shillings in the Pound," every one who runs may find, in the adventures of Petty, Larceny & Co., the haberdashers, a palpable adumbration of Mr. James Morrison's mode of making money.

We notice the man, puffed and worthless as he really was, on account of an anecdote relating to him, communicated by a correspondent of the *Illustrated London Times*, as follows: "It is said that during the last two years of his life he was the victim of a singular mental hallucination, imagining that he was in the utmost poverty, and that but by daily labor could he get daily bread. His friends accordingly used to place a spade in his hands, and sent him to work for a short time in the garden, paying him weekly wages of a few shillings, and in this way alone would he be quieted." This may be true, but is not very singular. Thrift very frequently has such a painful terminus as this. Accumulation sometimes operates upon the mind in the manner here described, and inflicts the torture of constantly imagining that poverty was at hand. This is one of the pains and penalties of riches.

Mr. Morrison, haunted by the idea of utter poverty while he had $20,000,000 of property, is fairly entitled to the title of millionaire. But he was only in moderate circumstances compared with a fortunate Englishman, named Martin, who has for forty years been struggling with poverty, and now, by a legal decision, has succeeded to the Jennings property, consisting of $400,000,000 of accumulation, and estates worth 2,000,000 per annum. It is difficult to imagine how a man can live up to such an income. It is enough to unsettle the reason.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A MUSICAL RAT.—A few days since Mrs. Meriam, of Brooklyn, was surprised by a sound behind the meat-safe, like the singing of a bird. On searching for the cause, she discovered that the songster was a rat, which ran away on being disturbed, and its auditors (several rats behind the ceiling) also retreated in much haste. Since then the songster rat has returned several times, and sings two or three times in the twenty-four hours, with the exception of Thursday, on which day the songster was absent all the day and evening, and we felt much solicitude for its safety. Yesterday and to-day, it has made its appearance. This rat imitates the singing of the canary bird and the cooing of the doves. We place food at the place the songster frequents, and as we do not keep a cat, there is reason to expect this rat will repeat its songs.

Journal of Commerce, Nov. 16.

A PREACHING SAW-MILL.—A Minnesota missionary, writing in the *Home Missionary* of a revival in that region, mentions the following incident: "There is a steam saw-mill in our place which, at that time, was doing a heavy business, running night and day; but whenever the hour for a meeting arrived, whether in the daytime or evening, the mill was stopped, and all hands were permitted to attend. Here, where money brings three per cent a month, which rate of interest the proprietor was actually paying at that time for capital to carry on his business, this fact possesses some significance. As a brother minister remarked, this silent saw-mill may, in the providence of God, have preached more effective sermons, as to the paramount importance of spiritual interests, than any that were heard from the pulpit."

Coffee and Milk.

Dr. D. A. Caron, of Paris, has recently been engaged in investigating the effect of breakfasting on this favorite beverage, and from the results, he thinks that he is justified in asserting that most of the nervous and allied disorders which affect the dwellers in large cities, are traceable to this source. He further informs us that when the coffee is mixed with milk, its nutritious properties are neutralized because of its fermentation being retarded. Coffee and milk in a bottle were twenty-seven days before they began to decompose, whilst milk and sugar were only three days. It is evident that the astringent properties of the coffee hinder the digestion of the milk; and, at the same time, the caffeine (or active principle of coffee is set free, and acts on the membrain of the stomach in the same manner as vegetable alkalies, producing most disastrous consequences to the digestive apparatus. He tried many experiments on himself and friends, and found that in a few hours the pulse was lowered from 80 to 68, from that it went down to 56, when he took some food, and it immediately rose to 72. He concludes by informing us that many cases of irritation, nervousness and hysteria have been entirely cured by a gentle course of tonics, and giving up the use of coffee.—*Scientific American.*

Creditable to American Mechanics.

A PONTOON TRAIN FOR EGYPT.—The Pacha of Egypt has of late years evinced his confidence in American articles, and his belief in the superiority of American handicraft, by sending his orders to this country instead of England, and a steamer has recently been completed at East Boston for his service. To-day a barque, which is bound to Alexandria, received on board a pontoon train, similar in size to those used in Mexico by Generals Scott and Taylor; and manufactured by the same parties. Messrs. Tappan & McBurney furnished the india-rubber portions, Messrs. James Boyd & Sons the harness-work, saddles, &c., and Mr. Warren Mansfield, of Braintree, the wood-work; the whole under the superintendence of Mr. R. T. Armstrong of New York. The train consists of twenty-six wagons, and will carry the materials for constructing a bridge three huedred feet in length. The cost of this is upwards of thirty thousand dollars. The entire work has been inspected by an officer of the United States Engineer Corps.

The Pacha has also given an order to Osgood Bradley of Worcester, Mass., for an entire train of cars, the cost of which will exceed one hundred thousand dollars.—*Boston Gazette.*

True Contentment.

In this age of restlessness and wild speculation, when so many are searching eagerly for happiness, and sighing, after numerous disappointments, "Who will show us any good?" it is refreshing to meet with a contented Christian heart, which has found true peace by living in constant communion with God, In one of our exchanges we find the following:

Said a venerable farmer, some eighty years old, to a relative who had lately visited him: "I have lived on this farm for more than half a century. I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no desire to be any richer than I now am. I have worshiped the God of my fathers with the same people for more than forty years. During that time I have rarely been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and have never lost one communion season. I have never been confined to my bed by sickness a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I made up my mind long ago that, if I wished to be happier, I must have more religion."

Immense Size of the Pyramids.

A United States naval chaplain who has recently visited the great pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, says that he walked round it, wading in the deep sand fourteen hundred feet before he had passed one of its sides, and between five and six thousand feet before he had made the circuit. He says: "Take a hundred New York churches of the ordinary width, and arrange them in a hollow square, twenty-five on a side, and you would have scarcely the basement of this pyramid; take another hundred and throw their material into the holllow square, and it would not be full. Pile on the stone and brick of Philadelphia and Boston, and the structure would not be as high or solid as this greatest work of man. One layer of blocks was long since removed to Cairo for building purposes, and enough remains to supply the demands of a city of half a million of people for a century, if they were permitted freely to use it."

Re-opening the Slave Trade.

THE YORKVILLE (S. C.) *Enquirer*, urging that the restoration of the foreign slave trade shall be the next measure of democratic progress, declares that if the North objects the Union shall be dissolved. That settles the question—Congress must legalize the slave trade at once.

We are glad to see a growing feeling in favor of re-opening the slave trade. We have averred our willingness, long since, to see it once more open, provided it can be legalized, and at a future day we shall take up the subject fully. Great policy, and great humanity, and Christianity, and civilization, all sustain a legalized African slave trade, and the time is nearly at hand for it.—*Southern Reveille.*

LIQUOR LAW IN MASSACHUSETTS.—A car load of liquor sellers were sent down from Lawrence, Mass., on Tuesday, to the House of correction in Ipswich. There were ten men and one woman. One of the men has 240 days to serve, and fines amounting to $90. Twenty county-houses at Lawrence are full.

LIQUOR SHOPS CLOSED.—In Haverhill, Mass., a Committee of Vigilance, appointed for the purpose, have closed all the liquor shops in the town. The committee gave the sellers due notice that the law must be honored, and they wisely yielded to its demands. What liquors are now wanted, are purchased of the town agent.

LITERATURE IN THE MINES.—The La Porte *Messenger* says that at Secret Diggings a community of miners and others who are unable to work their claims at this season of the year, have introduced a system of public instruction in that locality, which cannot but be of immense benefit to those interested. The design is for those who are capable to instruct others, and keep the school in operation both day and evening. It is a salutary movement, and worthy of being imitated elsewhere.

The Weekly Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO:
THURSDAY MORNING, JAN. 28, 1858.

NOTICE.—From and after this date JOSEPH WEED is the only person authorised to procure advertisements and collect therefor for this paper. WHITTON, TOWNE & CO.
San Francisco, Jan. 7, 1858.

REMOVAL.—The office of the PACIFIC and also our Book and Job Printing Office has been removed from 151 Clay st. to the large office formerly known as CONCERT HALL, corner of Clay and Sansome streets—entrance on Clay st.
151 WHITTON, TOWNE & CO.

THE RECENT SUICIDE AND ITS CAUSE.

The recent suicide of Mr. Adolf Branda of this city, ought not to pass without exciting serious reflection. His fall was sudden, and from a position of honor and confidence. It was not an inexorable fate pursuing its victim with misfortune. He ruined himself, or rather was the willing victim of seductive influences, which ought to be fully understood. The sensitiveness which, though from mistaken notions, preferred death rather than endure disgrace, showed fine qualities, entitling the memory of the deceased to respect. He was no hardened profligate, coolly plotting, and without remorse contemplating the injury of others. But having been led in an evil hour and by delusive steps, into wrong doing, he rushed with precipitancy upon the fearful act of self destruction. We cannot withhold the meed of pity for his fate, while we blame the influences which led him to it.

Mr. Branda was confidential clerk in one of the most respectable and most honorable houses in the city. His salary was large, at one time as high as five thousand dollars. The associations of a young man must be expensive indeed to exhaust a salary like his, and the temptations pressing, to induce one of a nature such as he at last exhibited, to go beyond his salary, and lead him within the space of sixty days to purloin nineteen hundred dollars from the best of employers. It is not difficult to define the sphere in which he moved and the influences that ruined him, and that are gradually undermining the principles of scores who glide downward, as he did, unsuspected.

He belonged to a class of *fast men*, to whom it is honorable to waste large incomes in luxurious living, and in the indulgence of expensive habits. Many of these gentlemen are prominent merchants, or influential members of the bar; some of them occupying high official positions. The club room is their rallying place. The social glass is the constant accompaniment of their conviviality. The card table is a favorite amusement. In this ruddy atmosphere of luxuriousness and social indulgence, gilded habits of vice are formed which are none the less vicious for the respectability thrown over their indulgence, and the nominal rules which restrain those habits. The two prominent clubs of this city are the Pacific and the Pioneer. Of the former, one of the employers of the deceased, not the senior partner, is a prominent member and the secretary. And the president of the club occupies one of the highest judicial positions known in this State, and his associate in the same high position, is a member of the standing committee.

The rooms of the Pacific Club are in the old gambling house of Stephen Whipple, in Commercial street. One of the objects of the club is to furnish the convenience and advantages of card rooms, and one of the NOMINAL rules is that no single bet or forfeit shall be made in the club exceeding ten dollars. For the privilege of drinking and betting, and probably being fleeced, in such honorable company, a member pays an initiation fee of fifty dollars, and a monthly tax of eight dollars; and a stranger in the city may be *taken in*, for three months on the payment of an entrance fee of twenty dollars and three months' subscription in advance; or a non-resident of the State may attend on invitation in due form, and commissioned officers of the army and navy, shall by virtue of their positions have *the benefits* that the rooms afford. Now these are facts which we know concerning this famous club. In what does it differ from a gambling house and a gambling fraternity, though this feature be disguised under the fashionable name of this association, and softened down by the presence of a meagre supply of books and papers, and dignified by the exclusiveness and selectness of the company, and the expensiveness of connection with it? It is from this all the more alluring to young men. In what is it less a gambling institution that the bets are *nominally* limited to ten dollars? Even if this rule were regarded in the privacy of each table, how long—how many nights would it require, for a young man to lose two thousand dollars of money, to pay which he betakes to purloining? What is it less a gambling institution, that lawyers obligated by sacred honor, and judges by their oaths, to support the laws of the State, are there found violating those laws? While our police are watching against low gamblers, why should they not hunt out the high ones also? While employers are dependent upon the integrity of their clerks, why should they not know of the Circean enchantments and dangerous rocks of these rooms of elegant vice? Some of them have learned of them to their sorrow.

Now and then a young man or an old man who has occupied a fine position, goes down suddenly in shame. Law has reached out its strong, helpful arm and abated the dangers from open gambling. But here is an evil going on, abetted, participated in, by those who are set and sworn faithfully to administer the laws. If law will not reach it, it remains for each employer, justly solicitous for his own interests, solicitous for the welfare of those who hold to him the relation of the employed, to be watchful of their habits and of their associations. Commonly, indeed, employers have preferred fast young men of plausible address, before those of plain, downright honesty. Hundreds of such find high salaries which they waste, while an equal number of the industrious, frugal and honest may go begging for places.

We are satisfied that it is the interest of business men and the interest of the community, of all citizens to discourage these clubs, the source of so much misery and ruin. With good cause we have just now spoken more particularly of the Pacific Club. The other whose rooms are equally splendid, and where gambling is allowed, as we are informed, holds its meetings in Parrott's building, corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets. To these rooms resort not only business and professional men, but also County, State and *United States* officials. Here there are many who spend all or most of their earnings. There are included in them, those who have no other visible means of support than connection with these clubs. They are gamblers to all intents and purposes; they live by gambling. These rooms, frequented as they are by those who hold respectable or high positions, are far more dangerous than the old open gambling hells. We know of many who have been ruined by them, and so long as their memory remains, so long as such fair victims as Branda go down by violence to dishonored and helpless graves, we shall not cease to lift our remonstrance against the support of these seductive institutions. We do not intend of course to charge that all who are connected with the clubs indulge in gambling. By no means; but their connection countenances what is done and makes them responsible for the results, as a man is responsible for all his influence. Their very integrity and high standing give to the institution that position and charm by which it ensnares the unwary. At their door, as well as at the door of those who have no other support, lies the guilt of the consequences, even to suicide, of the gambling dens within these walls, where the sound of the dice has been long familiar.

Editorial Correspondence.

STOCKTON, January 2, 1858.

THE INSANE ASYLUM.

Among the various ways in which the funds o California have been lavishly expended, a few are greatly to her credit and must ever remain living testimonials of the truth, that in the wildest excitement of her earlier days, when the one idea of getting gold appeared to have entire possession of her whole population from the highest officials down to the lowest delver with pick and shovel, there yet were flowing some generous impulses of a nobler nature. It was as early as 1851 that the subject of an Insane Asylum was proposed in the Legislature, and either that or the next year that appropriations to a large amount were voted for this purpose. When the work was commenced, it was carried steadily forward over all discouragements, through high official charges, unexpected incidental expenses and wasteful expenditures, till at length a really noble structure was completed, admirable in its proportions and fitted up with excellent conveniences. There the poor insane victims of the early excitements of the country began to be gathered from all parts of the State. So far the enterprise had been carried successfully on; and now commenced the most important, and indeed most difficult part, that of rightly treating the suffering patients. We believe, that in general, the treatment has been considered equally successful with that in other institutions in other States, and that the reports have been very satisfactory. But under the present management there is one arrangement of which we think complaint may justly be made. It is that none are allowed to see more than a very limited portion of the Institution and a small number of the inmates. We cannot believe that the good of the inmates can require this absolute exclusion of all persons beyond a few attendants; and if not, it is due to the public that they be permitted to inspect the working of an Institution supported at public expense.

The yards around the building are large and pleasant, the long rows of rooms and the halls of the lower story look clean and pleasant; and here one class, the partially or mildly insane, now some twenty or thirty persons, can be seen. They seem well cared for. But above, are three other classes of insane, whom none see, and none can see, except the few attendants. At times, before ever seeing the Asylum ourselves, we had met those on their way to it, and were unable to answer inquiries concerning the treatment of the unfortunate. We had, indeed, heard strange stories afloat of things said to be realities, and of others inferred from these. We were at considerable pains to pay a personal visit to the Asylum, but learned that none, on any occasion, or for any reason, are permitted to visit more than the lower floor and its one class of patients. We stated our connection with this paper, and requested that we might be permitted to visit as much of the Institution as under any circumstances it is deemed proper for visitors to see. We were then politely shown around by one of the attendants through the lower story, which indeed was admirably neat and convenient. But this was all, we were informed, which any person was allowed to visit. On returning to the entrance we were detained a few moments by the principal physician, as we were informed that he was, who politely excused himself for not going the short rounds himself with us, because he was himself so engaged that he could not well do so, but he would be glad to do so at some other time if we would again visit the Asylum. But he requested us, with two others, apparently acquaintances there, but strangers to us, to go over to a certain place and take some eggnog together. We of course excused ourselves and descended to the street. We looked up at the higher stories of the building and saw the windows barred and boarded like gloomy prison cells, and we could sympathyze deeply with those within, whose severe mental maladies made it probably necessary that they should be thus confined; while at the same time, we knew that in all things, men may do very wrong, and hence it is most important on all occasions to secure the strongest guard against error. Hence we could but feel that those halls and rooms and their inmates should be visited by responsible persons from among the people themselves, that stronger safeguards might be had against possible wrong. From twenty-five to forty individuals, of both sexes, ought not for perhaps years together, to be thus shut up and left completely in the power of a few men without this peculiar kind of public supervision. We do know that physicians of the kindliest sympathies with suffering humanity, of the sweetest tempers, of the greatest patience, of the best intellects, of the highest moral sentiments, of the purest of moral characters, and withall, also, those only, and alone, who have *families* of their own, should be selected for such a post.

We would also say that the wives of the physicians should also be possessed of equally high characters and of a benevolence inclining them to accompany their husbands among the suffering patients and to administer to their wants. Certain it is that no Asylum, not one of any kind, ought to be more carefully or feelingly watched over and provided for by the public, to secure all which is best for the sufferers, and to guard against all neglect, abuse, wrong and outrage, than that of an Insane Asylum where men and women, with impaired reason, are confined in single apartments, instead of access being had to them by only a few physicians and no opportunity afforded for complaint in case of wrong. S. V.

THE DISTILLERS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Almost every thinking man in California is aware that intemperance is the fruitful source of probably three-fourths of all the crimes committed in this State; that it has filled our courts with petitions for divorces to separate unhappy couples, made so by this cause; that our county and State prisons are crowded with criminals brought there by this accursed vice; that hundreds of children are roaming our streets, made orphans by the suicidal indulgence of their parents in intemperate habits; in short, that the free use of intoxicating liquors is the great cause of the corruption and crime which has made the very name of California a reproach throughout the world. Notwithstanding all this, there are men among us so obtuse of moral perception as to believe that the trade in, and manufacture of, the poisonous draught is beneficial to the State and entitled to special protection by law.

It may be seen by referring to a petition recently sent to the Legislature what are the views of these deluded individuals. The extent of their powr to do mischief is thus stated:

"Our distilleries have collectively the capacity to distil 1,200 bushels per day. We expect and can obtain three and one-half gallons of spirits from the bushel of sixty pounds weight, which would make our daily production of liquor 4,200 gallons."

Allowing a pint as sufficient to make a man drunk, here is enough to make thirty-three thousand six hundred individuals drunk every day in the year. Certainly it is quite important enough to be worthy of legislative care. Estimating the value of the liquor at 33 1-3 cents per gallon, as is done in the petition, the value of the production each year will be $504,000, which they claim will be saved to the State by preventing the sale of an equal amount of the same poison which would otherwise be brought from the Atlantic States. The richest portion of the petition, however, is their idea of a Providence that smiles upon their labors in demoralizing their fellow citizens and fitting them to fill places in the criminal calender. The petition says:

"Owing to a partial failure of the crops in this State for the past two years, and the consequent high price of grain, our business has been paralysed, and our distilleries have, a greater part of the time, stood still. This season, however, we are happy to congratulate all well-wishers of this State, as well as ourselves, that Providence has vouchsafed to us and to them abundant rains, which have early prepared the ground for tillage, and seemingly invigorated the arm of the husbandman to active and extensive cultivation, so much so, that we consider that up to this time, more seed has been put into the ground than has ever been sown during any entire season before, and that at the rate agriculture is at present progressing, it is not unreasonable for us to anticipate a production the coming harvest which will amount to as much as the aggregate production of the past three years.

Considering these benign prospects of a great crop, leads us, with the other distillers of the State, to hope that we can soon kindle our fires and put our works in operation, and thereby be enabled to supply the entire wants of this State, from our own grain, with all the spirits that may be required both for personal as well as mechanical purposes, thereby retaining in the State nearly $6,000 per day, which now goes to the Eastern States for liquors."

It is to be hoped so important a subject will not be neglected by the assembled wisdom of the State, and it may reasonably be asked they shall not take counsel of King Alcohol when deliberating upon the matter.

If in their decision they shall come to the same conclusion as did the poor drunkard when he overheard the rum seller say to his wife "he was taking the shingles off of his neighbor's house and putting them on his own," viz., to stop shingling the house of his greatest enemy and keep them on his own, it would not be to be regretted.

If they should take all possible means to keep the half million of dollars in our State without its being worse than wasted by being expended in strong drink, if they should so legislate as to prevent the grain which is necessary for the bread on which we subsist from being made into a destroyer of life, they would entitle themselves to the name of benefactors of the people and to the blessings of generations yet unborn in the golden State. That they may do justice to the petitioners and to California is the wish of all who look forward to the future well being of our country. W.

FRENCH IMPORTATIONS TO CALIFORNIA.—The *Echo du Pacifique*, of yesterday, publishes statistics of direct importations from France to this port. During 1857, eighteen vessels arrived, giving a total French tonnage of 8,345 tons, on which $151,838 freight was paid here. The importations consisted of 6,769 casks; 947 half casks and 54,906 cases wine; 11,991 baskets of champagne; 3,187 cases sardines; 5,941 cases of olive oil; 1,578 cases of candles; 467 casks of vinegar; 2,344 cases of mustard; 4,612 casks of brandy; 222 of gin; 2,583 cases and 59 casks of absynthe; 1,000 cases of vermouth; 1,512 cases of pates; 629 of preserves; 661 prunes; 602 of fruits and 1,582 of brandy fruits.—*Globe* of January 18.

A sorry trade, truly, for California, made up as it is mostly of articles which our State would be better off without, and the balance consisting of merchandise which could be produced here. Certainly we should lose nothing by dispensing with the intoxicating liquors which constitute the bulk of the cargoes; the brandy fruits which serve to create an appetite for strong drink, might better be left with the liquors; the candles, sardines, mustard, preserves &c., can all be produced here without difficulty, and the million or two of dollars they cost with the additional millions they deprive the State of by making drunkards of her citizens, would all be saved and help to make California rich alike in hard cash and in a sober, and consequently, honest and industrious population.

BILLS BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE.

One of the bills of importance before the Legislature is that introduced by Judge Stakes of San Joaquin for the extradition of slaves which were brought here by their masters. There can be but little doubt of the unconstitutionality of such an act, and on this ground it is not likely to pass. The slaves brought here, voluntarily, are not *fugitive* slaves. According to the recent decision in the Lemon case, each State has control of its own citizens. The constitution of our State renders it impossible that any except *fugitives* under the construction of the United States law should be regarded as slaves. The Dred Scott decision only contemplates the case of those who having resided in a free state have voluntarily returned to a slave State.

Notice has been given of a bill to secure the better observance of the Sabbath. We hope none of our legislators will find it necessary, in opposition, to say something for those to whom they sell musical instruments or rent rooms for billiards, thus committing their constituents to positions which they repudiate.

Senator Bell has introduced a bill for the apprenticing of boys, an important measure, and one regarded with great favor. Mr. Bell's bill against usury, we think, will meet with little response. We understand that most of the Southern and Northern States have receded from their legislation upon this subject, wisely concluding that currency is not altogether a creature of law, so that it would answer to enact a law to pay debts with brass money; but also, in part, a merchantable article on which money is to be made again, so that the rule of supply and demand ought to regulate its rate of use. We had supposed that the political economy of the age was quite in advance of legislation against usury. The whole principle is admitted against such legislation the moment it is proposed to fix the rate here differing from the rate in any other state or country, showing that the matter is justly subject to the control of circumstances.

DOUGLAS—BUCHANAN.—The Sacramento *Bee* of January 22d states that of the Democratic papers of this State which have expressed themselves with regard to the difference between the position of those two statesmen, a majority of one was declared in favor of the position of Senator Douglas.

The San Joaquin *Republican* says:

"The admission of Kansas on the Lecompton Constitution, has not been and will not be made, an administration measure. It cannot be so made, unless the Administration shall abandon the very foundation and essence of Democracy—the principle of popular sovereignty—the inherent right of man to self-government. This we believe the Administration will not do."

THE ALTA'S "own correspondent," at Columbia, speaking in praise of a late article in that paper on "hard words," is out upon the *Greek* and *Latin derivatives*, in the following terms: "The miners like to read newspaper *articles* (Lat.) written in *one-syllabled* (Gr.) Saxon words. We do not love the long *compounds* (Lat.) *derived* (Lat.) from the Latin and Greek. Writing *intended* (Lat.) for the *million* (Lat.) should always be *characterised* (Gr.) by a *simple* (Lat.) and *direct* (Lat.) style." (Gr.)

We once knew a very excellent teacher of young ladies—who after having lectured his pupils on the vulgarity of using *do'nt* instead of *do not*, and the like, impressed the lesson by quoting his own example as follows: "You *do'nt* find *me* using such contractions."

DEATH OF A CALIFORNIAN.—We regret to learn that Mr. John B. Guiteau of Trenton, N. Y., lately of this city, died recently in Kansas.

NEVADA.—A meeting was to have been held last Sunday in the M. E. church at Nevada to take steps to induce the Legislature to pass a Sunday law.

THE SUNDAY LAW.—Now is the time to press the petition for this law. Let all who are interested in procuring it take measures to show the unmistakable public desire.

MISSION AND SCOPE OF MUSIC.

[CONTINUED.]

Did I not feel the deepest interest in the subject before us, and a strong desire to add the testimony of one more voice as a witness, I would not occupy the smallest space in your valuable paper. As it is, I will detain your readers but a few minutes.

Having taken a view of music as employed by individuals, families and social parties in the earliest ages, we may speak now of the song of deliverance, recorded in Exodus, chapter xv. And who can listen to this song as it was sung by Moses and Aaron, and repeated, verse by verse, by the great congregation of Israel, without having his heart filled with the same sentiments?

"The Lord is my strength and my song,
He has become my salvation."

Who can wonder that Miriam the prophetess took the timbrel in her hand, and went out with all the women singing praises to the

"Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously."

Thus we see how ready men were to express their gratitude and joy for deliverance from oppression and the oppressor by song. They were not satisfied with solo or quartette singing. Nothing less than the whole congregation of Israel, with Moses as their leader, and all the women with Miriam at their head, could satisfy their devotional feelings. See also the song of thanksgiving after the triumphs of David, when almost the whole nation lifted together the loud song of praise to Israel's God. And no more for blessings past, than in hope of good to come, for when Israel journeyed to Beer, on the border of Moab, God promised them water, and their hearts were so filled with faith and hope that they sang:

"Spring up, O well! sing responses unto it,
The princes have digged the well;
The nobles of the people digged it
With the legislator by their staves."
Numbers xxi. 17.

And Isaiah sang of salvation and praise to Jehovah, and called on the inhabitants of Zion to "cry out and shout, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." Now can any one doubt that congregational singing was the primitive form in the worship of God? The Scriptures furnish us with abundant examples divinely inspired, of both choir and congregational singing in the public w[illegible] of God. The music of the Temple, establis[illegible] David and Solomon, was performed by a *choir* and an *orchestra*, trained with great care; and mention is made of the leaders of both the vocal and instrumental parts. And both choir and congregational singing should be embraced in our church services. They are alike sustained by Scripture, and the principles of true taste, as well as the highest consideration of utility. The finished artist will cultivate more than a single style in any art; so, the more finished and perfect the taste in music becomes, the more readily will the mind embrace the lighter form of the exquisite music of the choir.

From whence then are we to obtain the materials to form these finely trained choirs? They must be raised up by slow cultivation from the masses of the people. Congregational singing will give a more general interest, and will accomplish the first style of cultivation; and the choirs will be no less happy in their influence upon the congregational singing. Then let the choirs be composed of persons who possess the highest point of excellence in the art. If you would improve the taste and practice of the people, let them habitually hear the loftiest strains of cultivated performers. It is well known that in every art, where any degree of proficiency is made, it is acquired by the examples of others. Then let our light become as a sun, that a mild light may be diffused abroad, and a general cultivation may draw forth the latent talent which exists among the masses, that our Pacific coast may be blessed with that sublimity and grandeur in music which alone can be produced by the united voices of the congregation.

THE MINISTER'S WORK AS SEEN BY A LAYMAN.

The ever recurring thought of universal care and guardianship which the pastor is expected to exercise over all his people, brings with it a peculiar responsibility.

Regard human nature how we will, and still the concession must be, that no man, however wise and good, can be a successful reformer of men, without the power of adaptation. And for this there is demanded in the pulpit, most ample culture, as well as diversity of native talent.

Men love flattery from the minister of God. Flattery captivates the popular ear. But when Satan would introduce this easy method of quieting men's consciences by honeyed-words, then the pious servant of God is heard exclaiming, "Wo is me if I preach not the Gospel." The "doubting believer" must be encouraged, the self-confident warned, both perhaps in the same hour. Those who are hasty to be rich, and the indolent poor, must receive each his merited warning. The sceptic with his stereotyped vocabulary of blasphemous sophistry, and the trembling infidel, paralyzed with terror at the half fancied prospect of woe before him, the former divested of feeling and divorced from reason, and the latter writhing under the torture of an aroused conscience, both must be rebuked, encouraged or warned, according as his mental state demands.

Then the tastes and dispositions of men in every congregation, widely differ, and these to some extent the pastor must regard.

There are some men of cultivated intellects and charitable hearts, who are capable of grappling with original principles; and although the preacher make long strides from premises to conclusions, they can sweep the page of vigorous thought with him, and arrive at results without the aid of a needlessly refined analysis. These are the more desirable auditors; they relish thought as children do music. There are others who require the solid granite of truth to be beaten into pebbles. There are too, the quibblers, who arrive at the truth as the lost bird wandering in a storm would arrive at its home: soaring heavenward it describes circles until weary and bewildered, it descends rapidly to earth. All these characters must receive the minister's care. He has to think for all: he has to care for souls. He writes for them, he prays for them. He who is set apart to watch for souls, may well exclaim, "who is sufficient for these things?" LAYMAN.

DIVORCE.

We almost daily see much senseless scribbling under this portentious little word. Many write without feeling, without knowledge, against the law of divorce, and almost ever associate it with the unfaithfulness of the wives of California. Never did a richly feed California lawyer present a more one-sided view of a case, than these newspaper scribblers send broadcast throughout the world, regarding the many divorce cases in California. This faculty that men have of remaining on dry land themselves, and sending women into the slough of public odium—this constantly harping upon the wickedness of the "wives of California," and the sympathy shown for the poor deserted husband, have made tyrants of many bad husbands and wretched women of many wronged wives.

Who that has seen much of California society, as it is, has not seen many wives miserable, and silent in their misery? There is nothing harder for a true, noble woman, than to speak of the faults of her husband—save to endure existence with him when she knows him unworthy of her respect or love—when nothing remains of his better self! Yet she endures—will remain away from the dear home—friends of her youth—the only ones now who could soothe or comfort her in her distress—to make happy the home of her unworthy husband, praying daily for strength. His home must be her home; she has promised to be faithful, and though every ray of pleasure, and of earthly comfort is shut out from her; though she is crushed by his tyranny his neglect, his love of such companionship, and such practices, by her pure soul loathed, still she strives—she will be faithful still. He fears nothing—he has nothing to fear from her—though he worse than crushed her beneath his feet, he well knows that she will not take the step which will class her among the "infidel wives of California," as long as her duty bids her struggle on.

But if his fickleness, his inattention to business, his prodigality, at last, rob her of a home, and she gradually finds herself dependent on borrowed means, literally supported by his friends; then her woman's pride is aroused, and who, that is noble, will not say 'tis a noble pride? Then she feels strong in her own power to be independent—strong to act—to gain for herself an honorable support, away from him whose business has made her loathe him. But even then, when duty bids her no longer remain, her woman's heart would whisper stay, if a single word, or act, or glance could remind her of him to whom she gave her youthful vow. But if he, in his ignoble selfishness, is ready to lay upon her already crushed heart, publicly, the charges due to his own baseness and extravagance, her purpose is strengthened. And I ask you, Christian wives, I ask you, Christian husbands, I ask you, moralist, I ask all honorable men, would you condemn a law that would protect her from such companionship? that whould protect her little earnings from him who would spend them to his own misery and disgrace? And would you lead her back to him, and rivet the chain that binds her to him? and say to her "wife, obey your husband in all things, for thou hast promised to be faithful! Wherever he goes, like a dutiful wife, follow him!"

THE FESTIVAL THIS EVENING.

We understand that the ladies of this city intend to hold a festival in aid of the San Francisco Bible Society, (this) Thursday evening. This society has erected a building on Montgomery street, near Market, and the funds derived from the festival are to be employed in aid of this object. A portion of the building for the sale and gratuitous distribution of the Bible throughout the State, will be used for a Depository and dwelling house for the Agent of the Society. The remaining rooms will be let to meet the interest on money borrowed on the property.

We learn, also, from the Agent of the Society, that two large invoices of Bibles are on their way to this port, one of which is overdue by some weeks, that as soon as the books arrive, three faithful, experienced, devoted men, already engaged, will proceed to canvass the cities and towns of the State and carry the Scriptures to every family. It is that the Socity may be enabled to devote all its means and energies to the promotion of this latter object, that the ladies of this city have kindly undertaken to raise, by means of a festival, the necessary funds to pay off some debts still due on the Bible House beyond a moderate mortgage.

It has been customary, in times past, to *drink* to the success of a good cause, we trust that on this occasion the community will be out in its strength to *eat* for the benefit of the one in question. The ladies on this occasion, we are farther informed, while they intend that the eye, and ear, and palate, shall be regaled, each according to its own requirement, with sight and sound, and viand, do not purpose to make any provision for the *toes*. In short, that the Muse who presides over the measured vibrations of the pedal extremities, musically excited, will not be invited to be present this evening.

We trust there will be a general disposition to aid our ladies in the work they have undertaken, and that there will be a full attendance of our citizens to enjoy the entertainment which will be provided.

No visitor will return home from this assembly with a "brick in his hat," but a few dimes expended there, will lay a large pile of bricks in the wall of the Bible Society's building. The *work* will be done, too, by the stomach, that organ of the body whose exercise, is the most agreeable and satisfactory, not with painful labor of the hands, stiffening the muscle and wearing away the skin with brick dust and mortar, but by the enjoyment of a full meal ministered by fair hands, and *eaten* for the aid of the building. Who will fail to give the benefit of his appetite, or rather give his appetite a benefit for such purpose?

AID FOR DOWNIEVILLE.—On Sunday next, in the First Congregational Church and the Howard Presbyterian Church, collections will be taken up to aid the church of Rev. Mr. Pond, of Downieville, in replacing their building which was recently burned down in the destruction of the town. The impoverished condition of the town has justly called forth the universal sympathy and somewhat of aid in different parts of the State. It is very fitting that aid should also be returned in the efforts of the people to rebuild their place of worship. Mr. Pond's labors have been greatly acceptable and prospered. He is a present in this city and will be happy to receive, on behalf of his people, the contributions of those who desire to promote their cause.

CALVARY CHURCH.—From the San Francisco *Times*, we learn that on his anniversary, Dr. Scott gave the following report of the condition of the Society for the past year. There have been added to the church 59; of these 22 were admitted on examination and profession of their faith in Christ; 37 were received by letter from sister churches; 12 were dismissed at their own request to other churches; and one has died. Leaving a total of present communicants, 223.

THE SUNDAY PETITION.—Besides those who have requested us to send them petitions for circulation, we take the liberty of sending a few, also, to others of our subscribers who we believe will be interested in procuring signatures to be forwarded to the Legislature.

MAJOR S. J. HENSLEY.—This gentleman, an old and prominent resident of the State, and for a long time President of the California Steam Navigation Co., left on the last steamer for a short visit to the Atlantic States.

A REMARKABLE TESTIMONY.—The *Tablet*, a Roman Catholic newspaper published in New York, makes a striking confession of the decline of Romanism in the United States. It says: "Few insurance companies, we venture to assert, would take a risk on the national life of a creed which puts five hundred daily into the grave for one it wins over to its communion. And yet this is what Catholicity is doing in these states while we write." It has long been a subject of complaint with Catholics that they have to import all their priests, and that it is impossible to induce the sons of the church in this country to enter the priesthood.

ENGLAND AND INDIA.—The Hindoo population of British India is more than 140,000,000, and the Mohammedan, about 14,000,000, or only one-tenth. The Mohammedans are proud, bigoted and restive under a foreign yoke. One of the grandest evidences on record of the power and genius of a Christian nation to rule over a Pagan world, is in the fact that a small detachment of soldiers from an island thousands of miles away, has been able to maintain sway on a distant soil over 140,000,000 of another race.

BRECKENRIDGE.—The *Congregational Herald* reviews very favorably the first volume of an intended series on theology, put out by the Rev. Dr. Breckenridge.

Summary of State and City News.

CITY.

DEEDS BY SINKING FUND COMMISSIONERS.—A number of deeds made by the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund have been pronounced by the Supreme Court to be insufficient and illegal. An act to legalise such deeds has been introduced into the State Assembly.

THE LAST STEAMER EAST.—On the 20th inst. the steamer "Golden Age" departed with only 220 passengers, and $1,831,630 in treasure. Either people like better to stay in California than formerly, or they don't like to go East in winter, or passage is too dear.

GENEROSITY.—The ballast men of this city have generously agreed to give the proceeds of their labor in ballasting the ship "Golden Rule," now lying in the Bay, to the family of J. Addis, deceased, an old ballast man of San Francisco. Addis lately died from the effects of a blast near Sonora, leaving his family, a wife and three small children, destitute. The Vallejo street wharf company will also contribute, and the whole proceeds will amount to some $350

HORRIBLE SCOUNDRELS.—A horrible case came before the Police Court on the 21st inst. A man named James A. Robinson, living on the Protrero, had a sick cow, to which he had given a gallon of oil and several pounds of salts, besides other drugs. Finding that the cow, which had lately calved, would certainly die, he sold her for $25 to a butcher named M. Cohen, who butchered and brought the meat into the city for sale. He sold the meat at ten cents a pound. The police finding the matter out, arrested Robinson and Cohen, and both of them have been held to answer before the Court of Sessions for the misdemeanor. Beef has not tasted good in San Francisco since.

MARINE DISASTERS.—The ship "Atmosphere," which sailed for Hongkong on the 20th inst., returned to port for repairs on the 22d. She had been dismasted in a squall. The schooner "Isabella Ebbetts," was wreck on Friday 15th inst., at the mouth of the Albion river.

QUARREL OF FRENCH EDITORS.—Leon Chemin, editor of *La Phare*, and several of his associates, and Theodore Thiele editor of *Le Spectateur*, and his associates, have been sent up before the Grand Jury to answer for libelling each other.

FUGITIVES FROM JUSTICE.—Caroline and George Birdsall, who were held to answer for assisting a convict named Chieto, to escape from the State Prison, and who ran off leaving their sureties in the lurch, are still at large somewhere within the State, as is supposed. Wyatt Birdsall, the husband of Caroline and brother of George, who was also held to answer on the same charge, was surrendered by his sureties, the same who were on the bonds of the others. He gave other bonds.

STABBING AFFRAY.—A stabbing affray occurred on Howard, between Second and Third streets, on the evening of the 19th inst., in which Patrick Talbot stabbed Owen Groggerty several times in the scalp and twice in the breast, with a stiletto. Groggerty was seriously but not fatally injured. Talbot escaped.

THE STATION HOUSE.—The station house or city prison, in the basement of the city hall, has been undergoing thorough repairs. An asphaltum floor has been laid and the iron work of the cells fastened in it. The station house is now one of the best prisons in the State.

STRANGE SUICIDE.—Adolph F. Branda, the book keeper and cashier of the house of F. W. Macondray & Co., in this city, committed suicide by taking strychnine on Wednesday afternoon, 20th inst. He committed the deed near Lone Mountain Cemetery, whither he had ridden for that purpose. He had been detected in defalcation to the amount of $31,900. His reason for committing the deed was that he could not bear the shame awaiting him. While dying he wrote down his feelings, and marked his report as being for the benefit of science.

THE CREW OF THE "ATMOSPHERE."—A number of the crew of the ship "Atmosphere," left that vessel some weeks ago on her arrival at this port. They were taken up as deserters. A *habeas corpus* was issued for them by U. S. District Judge Hoffman, who on the 20th inst. discharged them from arrest as deserters. The articles provided for "a voyage from New York to San Francisco, thence to port or ports in the Pacific or Indian Oceans, or China seas, thence to a port of discharge in Europe or the United States, for a period not exceeding twenty calendar months." Judge Hoffman held that under this description of the voyage, they were entitled to their discharge at San Francisco. The rest of the description was too vague and indefinite."

CONSPIRATORS INDICTED.—Bills of indictment have been found by the Grand Jury of San Francisco against Obadiah Taylor, Loring Coburn, Jehiel Coburn, and James D. Demerast, for an assault with a deadly weapon and for false imprisonment of James Robinson. The defendants had accused Robinson of rape of a little daughter of Taylor, and had extorted deeds of property from him, by the assault and false imprisonment, for which they are now indicted.

ORLINSKI AGAIN.—The notorious Orlinski, against whom seven bills of indictment are pending for grand larceny, has also been indicted for an assault with intent to murder Officer Moore.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ELECTION.—The annual election of officers of the Mercantile Library Association took place on the 22d inst., and resulted in the choice of the candidates on the regular ticket by a majority of two-thirds. The total number of votes thrown was 500. Among the elected officers are E. H. Washburn, President; Joseph A. Donahue, Vice-President; Joseph M. Shotwell, Treasurer; Samuel Hubbard, Recording Secretary, and B. W. Leigh, Corresponding Secretary.

DISASTER AT SEA.—The ship *Atmosphere*, which sailed for Hongkong on the 20th inst., returned to port on Saturday the 23d inst., having had her jib-boom, foremast, and the main-top-gallant mast carried away in a squall off the Heads.

CAPPED WITH SNOW.—For the last several days Monte Diablo and all the peaks of the Contra Costa Range and San Bruno mountains have been capped with snow. They present a beautiful sight as seen from the city.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY LECTURES.—The course of lectures for the winter before the Mercantile Library Association, commenced with an interesting lecture by J. P. Haven on last Wednesday evening.

A PROSTITUTE PROSECUTED.—A woman named Catharine Ryan was on the 27th inst. held to answer before the Grand Jury for keeping a house of ill-fame. There seems to be a determination on the part of the City Police to close up the most disreputable houses of this kind.

SUPPOSED SUICIDE, PROBABLE MURDER.—A man named Charles O'Connell died from the effects of strychnine on Tuesday last at his room on Bush street. It is supposed by some that the case was one of suicide; but there are circumstances leading some to suppose that there was murder. The man's money was missing.

INDICTMENT OF JAMES E. NUTTMAN.—James E. Nuttman, Ex-Chief Engineer of the Fire Department and now contestant for the office of Chief Engineer, has been indicted by the Grand Jury for an alleged libel upon Jacob Ezekiel, Secretary of the Department.

THE CONTESTED ELECTION.—The contested election for Chief Engineer of the Fire Department of San Francisco is not yet settled. The Board of Fire Delegates, have virtually decided that Mr. Whitney is entitled to the office of Chief Engineer; but they refuse to grant him a certificate of election. The whole matter remains *in statu quo*.

A REGULAR DUEL FOR ONCE AGAIN.—A duel was fought with small swords at day break on Wednesday morning in San Mateo County by A. H. Rapp, associate editor of *Le Phare* and Theodore Thiele, editor of *Le Spectateur*. The parties who have been abusing each other for some time was both French, and the fight was French. Both were wounded; but neither seriously. They shook hands at the end of the duel, honor having been completely satisfied.

MODERN LANGUAGES.—The Board of Education of this City, have decided to have the modern languages taught as a part of the regular course in the High School.

STRANGE ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—A man named H. S. Bing, attempted to commit suicide by cutting both his wrists, on the 21st inst., at his room in the Plaza Hotel. He was not discovered till the 26th, and although weak was not dead. He was conveyed to the Hospital, and is reported to be doing well. He was insane.

STATE.

THE STATE'S MONEY IN THE TREASURY.—On Wednesday, June 20th, Senator Bell introduced a resolution in the State Senate to appoint a committee of three from each house to count the money in the State Treasury; and examine into its safety. The Senate tabled the resolution, although the Assembly passed a similar one.

CHANGING PERSON'S NAMES.—A bill has been introduced in the State Assembly to vest the power to change the names of persons, in the County Courts, to prevent applications of that kind to the Legislature.

ARREST OF SUPPOSED MURDERERS.—William and Eli Judd, supposed to be the murderers of Max Rothenheim of Crescent City, have been arrested at Shasta, and carried to Crescent City for trial.

RIDING ON A RAIL.—A man named Pittard was lately tarred and feathered and rode on a rail, at Scottville, Amador county, for not paying his debts. Pittard brought suit against his persecutors, but failed to identify them.

SHIPMENT OF THIEVES FROM MARYSVILLE.—On the 18th instant the Police of Marysville conducted five notorious thieves and burglars to the boat and shipped them down the river. Among the thieves were Mickey Grant and Rattlesnake Dick.

THE STATE'S READY MONEY.—The Governor and Secretary of State, constituting a Board of Examiners, on the 18th inst. counted the money in the State Treasury, and found, in gold coin, $475,977; in gold dust, $2,177 45; and in silver coin, $1,763 14—in all, $479,917 58.

STRIKE FOR CHEAPER WATER.—The miners of Horsetown, near Shasta, have struck for a reduction of water by the Clear Creek Ditch Company, and have formed themselves into a society to help one another in their undertaking.

CONTESTED ELECTION.—The office of County Clerk at Shasta, now held by Mr. Van Horn, is claimed by one Dickinson.

NEW TELEGRAPH.—The Telegraph between

The Weekly Pacific.

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LABORS OF A PASTOR.

In his annual sermon preached at Sacramento, January 3d, Rev. Mr. Benton thus enumerates his own labors for the year.

During the past year your pastor has been able to accomplish something every day, and has suffered from illness but slightly, with the exception of a few days. As the Sundays have arrived he has been able to preach; though, in two or three instances, with difficulty, and in bodily weakness and pain; and he has preached at least once every Sunday of the year, save in a single instance. He has preached in this house ninety-nine times during the last twelve months; has supplied his pulpit, by exchange with other ministers, three entire Sundays; and has had others to preach for him in five instances, himself being present. He has been able to be at the regular weekly meeting, and to make some remarks to those who loved the place, and would not forsake it, forty-three times. He has administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the beginning of each quarter, to all such as desired so to remember our Lord. He has administered the rite of Baptism to twenty children, consecrated thus to Christ and His Church. He has officiated at the funerals of twenty-two persons—thirteen adults and nine children; the whole number being less by eighteen than in 1856, and by sixteen than in 1855. He has joined in holy wedlock forty-nine couples; being a few more than in any preceding year. He has been present at the meetings of ecclesiastical and other bodies, in nine instances, most of them in other places than Sacramento. He has had the pleasure of listening to sermons or lectures, not on Sundays, fourteen times; most of them in this city. He has had, as usual, no vacation, and not a week's respite from toil. He has not been farther from home than one day's journey; nor absent more than three entire days at once; nor away from the city, during the year, more than twelve days in all. Of pastoral visits, and other visits and calls, he has a few more than six hundred on the record; and there have been some made that are not found there. In this number, of course, are not included such calls and visits as have been made necessary by private business, or by various matters entrusted to him by persons living abroad, which frequently consume time and patience. Leaving out the Sundays, there is an average of two visits a day, nearly, for every day in the year; and reckoning a half hour to each, which is rather smaller than the true amount, they have consumed three hundred hours, or thirty entire days, of ten hours each; or one-tenth part of a working man's year.

If, in like manner, we leave out of the reckoning the Sundays, and the sermons preached on Sundays; and consider the various other labors and engagements noted, as having consumed, each two hours time, which is a low estimate; then, as they are one hundred and sixty in number, the time consumed by them amounts to three hundred and twenty hours, or thirty-two entire days, of ten hours each. It will thus appear, that an average of two hours for every day, aside from the Sundays, has been given to official duties, of various sorts. And your attention is called to these details, that you may see how a minister's time is cut up and occupied; and that, if you have no special sympathy for him, you may, at least, do him common justice. There are some who, from want of consideration, it may be, cannot see what a minister does with his time. Let us see. He can be allotted seven hours out of twenty-four for his sleep; three hours for his meals; three hours for personal and private matters; three hours for physical exercise; two hours, as above, for official duties; and six hours for reading, writing, and study; and then there are no more left. As a matter of fact, your pastor cannot perform his regular reading, writing, and studying, with an average of six hours each day; occupying, more nearly, eight hours with these, and shortening the time for some of the other employments. And he can say that he is never ennuied; never at a loss what to do with an hour; never unhappy; and never yet sick of his profession.

During the past year there have been added to the membership of the church, 15; eleven females, and four males. We have been called to dismiss none to other churches; and none to join "the general assembly and church of the first born, whose names are written in heaven." I think this is the first year, during the whole of which we have been so favored. And though sickness and death have entered some of the families of the church, none, in full connection with us, have been called away. The church has, so far, been blest. It has not been without other blessings. Some that belong to it, I am sure, have grown in grace; and there has been more prayer offered than in previous years; and there are some of our number, at least, for whose piety and dutifulness I thank God, and whom I daily rejoice in. Our weekly meetings are better attended than formerly, and they are more interesting and profitable, I trust. But there is room for great improvement here; and, without being harshly judged, there are not a few who may consider themselves reproved.

THE CONVERTED JEWS.—It was stated at a meeting recently held at Norwich, England, of the Society for the Promotion of Christianity amongst the Jews, that there is at present 10,000 converted Jews in Europe, all classes of society being comprised in the list. The Society has 100 agents, of whom 56 are converts, and 25 ordained clergymen; and 60 clergymen of the Church of England are converts from Judaism.

DR. KANE'S ARCTIC VOYAGES.—A series of paintings representing the most striking scenes in Dr. Kane's Arctic Voyages, has been on exhibition at Empire Hall, No. 596 Broadway, N. Y. The paintings themselves are beautiful, while some mechanical effects which are introduced, such as the snow falling, moonlight glittering on the ice-bound seas, the Aurora Borealis flashing across the sky, and the surf beating against the rocks, are as surprising as they are pleasing to look upon.

WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT ENJOYMENT?—*Facts of Vital Importance.*—The beautiful semi-transparent envelope in which Nature has enclosed the wonderful mechanism of the human body, is peculiarly sensitive to the subtle influences which, for the lack of a more specific term, we call infection and contagion. Many eruptive diseases are communicable by the touch, and SALT RHEUM, one of the most common cutaneous maladies in this country is generally considered contagious. It is a painful and disfiguring disorder, and its chronic form is apt to become hereditary. But in whatever shape it may appear, however exaggerated the symptoms, and whether contracted by accident, or derived from an inherited taint in the blood, it may be extirpated by the application of that peerless external curative, HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT. Science had been groping for ages after something that would restore to the diseased skin, its purity, freshness, smoothness and flexibility, when Professor HOLLOWAY introduced this inestimable preparation, and in no superficial disorder have its effects been more salutary than in Salt Rheum. We have seen it applied after Lebanon waters, sulphur baths, and every prescription in the pharmacopoia had been tried without the slightest benefit, and have known a perfect cure accomplished through its agency in six weeks. Sometimes the disease, after having passed through the earlier stages of a watery erruption and a viscious suppuration, assumes a scabious form, and is not unlike certain species of leprosy. In cases of this kind the itching is almost maddening, and as it is generally increased by warmth, the sufferer's bed is only a bed of torment. Most physicians pronounce this phase incurable. HOLLOWAY has no such word in his vocabulary; and it is when the scourge has reached this extreme point of virulence, that the Ointment achieves its most remarkable triumphs. A cure may also commence. The external vessels at once recover their tone and vigor, the irritated nerves that torment in the skin are soothed, the pores resume their healthy functions, and the virus of the disease is expelled from the exterior circulation and ejected from the system. In fact it may be said of Holloway's Ointment as Portia said of Mercy,

"It droppeth like the gentle dew from Heaven upon the place beneath."

eradicating by its balmy, yet searching influence, every kind of exterior blemish.

We have dwelt more particularly upon its operation in Salt Rheum, because the complaint is so general and we are cognisant of the fact here stated. The Ointment and evaporant usually prescribed for it, are at the best mere palliatives, and in many instances they throw back the external fire upon the vital organization, producing serious affections of the lungs or brain. Holloway's Ointment, on the other hand, extinguishes, instead of transfers. Like his equally celebrated internal remedy, it has a reputation founded on twenty year's uninterrupted success.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

TIMES OF DISTRESS.—The influence of seasons of trial is directly the opposite upon the two opposite classes, considered religiously, of mankind. They usually make large numbers of the irreligious more reckless. Seasons of pestilence are not marked by religious awakenings. During the prevalence of the cholera at Paris one season, a piece called the cholera masquerade was enacted nightly for weeks at a theatre. During a similar visitation by the yellow fever in New Orleans, in the time of Sylvester Larned's ministry there, we have the record, in the life of that gifted preacher, of at least one little company of Christians who repaired with their pastor nightly to the place of prayer, and found a peace which doubtless, few others in the city so fully realized. The late commercial distress in New York has produced what some would regard as an anomoly. It is thus described by T. L. Cuyler, in the *Christian Intelligencer:*

It is certainly an ill wind that blows no good. The late commercial crash has taught many salutary lessons that could be got in no other way. It has driven some souls to better treasures than depreciated bank-stocks. It has quickened Christians to duty, and checked their growing worldliness. One of its happy results is the *daily prayer-meeting* of New York merchants and mechanics, in the North Dutch Lecture-room. This is a novel and delightful feature in our town life—a sort of religious *Exchange* in business hours. It is attended by bank presidents and railway directors, by book-keepers and salesmen, by hard-working laborers and "men of leisure"—by all denominations, and all shades and hues of Christians. Two rooms are now so crowded that one must go early to gain admittance. The members of the Collegiate Church Consistory take their turns in leading the meeting; sometimes other laymen preside. But the meetings do not need much leading. They lead themselves. As soon as one prayer is concluded, another brother stands ready to offer a word of admonition, or a testimony for Christ. Not a moment is wasted. Sometimes two or three arises at once, for supplication or remarks. It is very different from too many prayer-meetings, where church-members have to be coaxed, and urged, and "stirred up," in order to extract a reluctant word from them. And then it often does not repay the trouble it cost to produce it. When attending these prayer-gatherings in Fulton street, I have been struck with the earnestness of the petitions for the descent of God's Spirit upon our city churches. This is going to the fountain-head to cure the evils, moral, social, and financial, under which we are suffering. And one is reminded of the happy days of yore, when business men used to meet in counting-rooms at noonday, to pass a few moments in praying for revival-blessings. Perhaps God may have such mercies in store for us again.

THE PRESS IN OLD SYRIA.—A weekly newspaper is about to be ertablished in Beirut. It will be the first ever issued in Syria, and will be in the Arabic language, and supported and conducted entirely by natives.

MARRIED.

In this city, Jan. 11th, by Rev. Edw. S. Lacy, Mr. Wm. E. Moody to Miss Olivia A. Crockett, both of San Francisco.

In this city, Jan. 26th, by Rev. Edw. S. Lacy, Mr. Edmund P. Sanford to Miss Jane E. Clark, both of San Francisco.

In this city, Jan. 21st, by Rev. B. Brierly, James R. Parrall to Frances E. Williston, both of this city.

In this city, Jan. 24th, by the Rev. F. Mooshake, Mr. John Meyer and Miss Eleonore Werner, all of this city.

In Oakland, Jan. 20th, by Rev. F. E. Provaux, Mr. Timothy Ingalls to Miss Thereey Johnson, both of San Pablo.

In Sacramento, Jan. 23d, James A. Clarke, member of Assembly from Sierra county, to Mrs. Helentena Prescott, of Sacramento.

In Sacramento, Jan. 26th, Hartly B. Cotting to Elizabeth Astill, both of Sacramento.

In Sutter county, Jan. 21st, Wm. Sharkey to Amanda T. Gray.

In Pajaro Valley, January 30th, Monroe Shattuck to Miss Sallie R. Kidder, both of Pajaro.

In Sonora, Jan 17th, C. X. Hobbs to Miss Amanda Stowell, all of Sonora.

In Shasta, January 17th, D. F. Lack to Mary J. McDonald.

DIED.

At Poverty Hill, Jan. 9th, Mr. Joseph W. Hussey, a native of Manchester, Mass., aged about 26 years.

In Santa Rosa, on the 9th instant, R. H. Maupin, formerly of Louisville, Ky., aged 35.

At French Gulch, Shasta county, Jan. 18th, Henry H. Hassey, a native of New York city.

At Red Bluffs, on the 19th inst, James Henry, son of H. F. and Lucinda N. Yokum, aged 2 years and 2 months.

At Placerville, Jan. 19th, Mrs. Sarah Mead, wife of Samuel Gamage, aged 29 years, late of Lynn, Mass.

In Los Angeles, Jan. 4th, John Lawrence Fox, aged 43 years.

In San Diego, Jan. 6th, John Haight, aged about 40 years.

Near Santa Rosa, at his residence, Jan. 18th, of cyspelas, Rufus C. Edmundson, aged 40 years.

At Cottonwood, Shasta county, Jan. 20th, Mr. E. D. Apperson, formerly from Arkansas.

☞ **Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry—For** the Instant Relief and Rapid Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarness, Croup, Bronchitis, Influenza, Pain in the Breast or Side, etc.

A fair question. Answer to suit yourself. Would you prefer to have health restored and life prolonged by (what our physicians say is) quackery, than to die scientifically? You all know of wonderful cures effected by Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and yet you entertain a kind of prejudice, because you chose to call it a patent medicine. It is only because you do not know Dr. Wistar. If your family physician had made a great medical discovery, could he not seal his bottle and cure a patient in Timbuctoo as well as at home? This is only the fact with Wistar's Balsam. It is imported to you, invalid. Throw away your delusions. Wistar's Balsam is performing wonderful cures. It will cure you.

☞ BE CAUTIOUS! as there are many counterfeits. Look well at the signature before purchasing—take none unless it has he name of Sanford & Park engraved on the outside wrapper, as all other are BASE COUNTERFEITS.

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If your Hair is falling out, Use LYON'S KATHAIRON.

If your Hair is getting Grey, Use LYON'S KATHAIRON.

If you are troubled with Dandruff, Use LYON'S KATHAIRON.

If you desire Soft, Glossy Hair, Use LYON'S KATHAIRON.

The immense sale and universal popularity of Lyon's Kathairon prove it to be the finest preparation for the Hair ever made. Sold by all dealers everywhere for 50 cents per bottle.

HEATH, WYNKOOP & CO., Proprietors and Perfumers, 63 Liberty street, New York.

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dec16-3m

Change of Climate.—The sudden changes of climate, which often have a most injurious influence upon the digestive organs may be completely counteracted by the use of the German Tonic and Aromatic Bitters.

The effects of this medicine upon the system, in case of checked perspiration and chills produced by a change of temperature, are truly delightful. Headache, vertigo, nervous debility, pains in the side, and oppression at the stomach are instantly removed; the circulation of the blood is increased; and the pale shrunk skin and sluggish movement, are succeeded by the light, bounding step, the carnation tint and the sparkling eye.

This is, in fact, the most delicious Cordial ever invented. It warms the stomach, creates an appetite, digests the food, clears and strengthens the voice, sweetens the breath, improves the spirits, takes off all nervous debility, and clears and purified the blood.

German Purgative Pills.—These pills were prepared to meet the wants of those requiring a safe and reliable family pill, and being prepared in the State, lose none of their virtues, which pills are liable to in passing through the tropics.

They are confidently recommended in all cases where the stomach and bowels require evacuation, in costiveness, billous diseases, dyspepsia, headache, rheumatic attacks, nausea, &c., &c., and particularly recommended for suppression, irregularities, and female complaints generally.

They are purely vegetable.

The German Pile Lotion—Is a compound entirely original with the proprietor, and by its curative virtues has become one of the most popular remedies in use. Its effects are speedy and thorough.

The Extract of Cubebs and Hops.—For all the urinary difficulties, is one of the best preparations known.

Impurities of the Blood.—For impurities of the blood, especially if arising from the use of mercury, the Extract of Panacea is the most powerful remedy that can possibly be devised.

As the blood is the principal source from whence proceed most of the evils which afflict mankind, so it must be the fountain head of the cure, and from it the salutary streams must take their rise that are to revive and invigorate the whole body; hence it is that the Eureka Panacea, attacking the evil at the very root, eradicates, at the same time, the effect and the cause, enriching and purifying those sources from which the nerves derive their health and soundness.

For the cure of all chronic or constitutional diseases, such as Scrofula or King's Evil, Ulcerations, Pimples, Fever and Ague, Boils, Tetter, the body, &c., the Eureka Panacea stands unrivalled.

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Rev. J. C. HERRON, Principal.

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R. C. HAILE, " J. M. HOWELL, Sacramento
JUDGE HARTSON, " REV. DR. SCOTT, S. F.
NATH. COMBS, " REV. DR. ANDERSON, "
REV. E. S. LACY, San Francisco.

ja27-3m

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In charge of a Special Messenger.

Treasure shipped at reduced rates, and Insured under our own Policies, held with the best English Companies, viz:
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Royal Exchange Insurance Company;
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Treasure received for shipment and insured until 12 o'clock on the night previous to the sailing of the steamer; and small Packages and Parcels received until within one hour of the time of sailing.

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THE MAGNIFICENT STEAMSHIP SONORA,

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At 9 o'clock, A. M., punctually.

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And a written order must be procured at the Company's office for its shipment.

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Jan28

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SHINGLE MACHINES, cutting 24,000 per day, and more perfectly than any in use; CAR WHEELS and AXLES, of all dimensions; BUILDING FRONTS, ROUND, SQUARE AND FLUTED COLUMNS; BALCONY RAILINGS; HORSE POWERS; STOVE and PLOW CASTINGS; RETORTS, GRATE BARS, RANGE PLATES, BOILER FRONTS, IRON BACKS, WHEELBARROW WHEELS, SMUT MILLS, SASH WEIGHTS, BRASS WORK; and, indeed, CASTINGS and MACHINERY of every description whatever.

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PALMER'S PATENT ARTIFICIAL LEGS

OBTAINED by applying at the office of the Bulletin, to JARVIS JEWETT.

San Francisco, Jan. 15, 1858. 3m*

STATE OF CALIFORNIA—City and County of San Francisco—In Justice's Court, 2d District.

ALBERT CAMPE vs. L. MILLER, JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE, proprietors of the Santa Clara Brewery.

Whereas, a summons directed to the above named defendants was issued out of this Court on the 12th January, inst., commanding them to appear before me at my office on the 15th January, inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M., to answer the complaint of above named plaintiff; and return having been made on said summons by the Constable, that after diligent search defendants could not be found; and it appearing upon reading the affidavit of plaintiff, on file, that the defendants are not residents of this city and county, but reside, as he is informed and believes, in Santa Clara county, in said State: it is therefore hereby ordered that notice be given by publication of a summons once a week for four weeks in THE PACIFIC, a weekly paper, published in said city of San Francisco, and a copy of said summons be forwarded by mail, directed to defendants at San Jose, Santa Clara county, their supposed place of residence.

Witness my hand and seal, Jan. 18, 1858.

ORRIN BAILEY, Justice 2d District. [L. S.]

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

State of California, City and County of San Francisco, ss. Justice's Court, Second District.

The people of the State of California, to L. MILLER, JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE, whose real names other than Miller are unknown to this people, are the proprietors of the Santa Clara Brewery, greeting: You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second District of the city and county of San Francisco, on the second day of March, A. D. 1858, at 12 o'clock, M., to answer unto the complaint of ALBERT CAMPE, claiming of you the sum of Forty Dollars for work performed on a copper boiler, and for freight and wharfage paid for the same, as per bill on file in this Court, when judgment will be taken against you for the said amount, together with costs and damages. If you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of said city and county, greeting: You are hereby commanded to execute this writ according to law.

Given under my hand this 12th day of January, A. D. 1858.

ORRIN BAILEY, [L. S.] Justice of the Peace of said District.

ja26-4w

MARK BRUMAGIN, JOHN A. PAXTON, } JACOB H. BRUMAGIN. MORTON CHEESMAN.

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no19-tf

THE GIANT JUDGE:

—OR THE—

HEBREW HERCULES.

Illustrated by Fourteen Spirited Engravings by Nahl and Eastman.

THIS ABLE AND INTERESTING WORK, FROM the pen of the Rev. Wm. A. Scott, D. D., is NOW READY. In the character of its reading matter, and the style of its mechanical execution, it is superior to any work ever issued from the California press. We append a few notices of editors of this city.

"THE GIANT JUDGE."—We return our acknowledgements to the Rev. Dr. W. A. Scott, for a copy of his work entitled the "Giant Judge," being a history of Samson. It is written in a clear, vigorous and entertaining style, that cannot fail to interest and instruct the reader. From every passage in the eventful history of Samson, the Giant Judge of Israel, the Rev. author of the work before us has drawn high moral lessons, that should govern our own acts in every-day life. The book is a valuable treatise on the heroic Judges of Israel and their times, and were it only for the research and scholastic information imparted on this subject alone, would well deserve a place in a selected library. But in addition, the reader is put in possession of a large amount of valuable and interesting facts on the past and present condition and customs of Bible Lands, or lands mentioned in Scripture, which the scholar it will prove valuable; to the Christian it cannot be other than most acceptable and inspiring, while to mere superficial readers it will be certain to give pleasure. The work is embellished by fourteen excellent wood-cuts, and is well printed on fine paper. There is nothing in it that can wound the most sensitive prejudice, but very much that must yield profit and information to all.—*Herald.*

"THE GIANT JUDGE, OR THE STORY OF SAMSON, THE HEBREW HERCULES."—We have received from Messrs. Whitton, Towne & Co., publishers, a copy of the above work, written by the Rev. W. A. Scott, D. D. It is a beautifully printed volume of 223 pages, illustrated by fourteen engravings, designed by Nahl and executed by H. Eastman. We have as yet had no opportunity to peruse this volume—but judging from the *ad captandum* titles of the chapters and the illustrations, we should suppose that a variety of very entertaining reading can be found in it. Some of the illustrations are entitled as follows: "Samson carrying off the Gates of Gaza;" "Samson carrying off the Gates of Gaza;" "Asleep in Delilah's Lap;" "Barbers operating;" etc.—*Bulletin.*

"THE GIANT JUDGE, OR THE STORY OF SAMSON, THE HEBREW HERCULES."—The publishers of a volume thus entitled, have placed a copy on our table. It is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Scott, of this city, a fact that precludes the necessity of our speaking of its literary merits. The author, as is well known, never fails to enrich every biblical topic he undertakes, with the stores of his Oriental experience and learning. The typography of the work is highly creditable to the publishers, Messrs. Whitton, Towne & Co., while the illustrations, of which there are fourteen, designed by Nahl and executed by Eastman, are really excellent. The book will, without doubt, be eagerly sought after by the lovers of sacred literature and the readers of art. Indeed, we learn that more than one-half of the edition is already bespoke, over five hundred subscribers having been obtained by the publishers, who undertook the work on their own responsibility, before it went to press. This is one of the few works of this kind gotten out solely in this country, and as such claims the countenance of those friendly to California art, industry and literature.—*Times.*

THE GIANT JUDGE.—A copy of this work was laid on our table last week by the publishers. It is a volume of 224 pages 12mo. The printing is excellent—good paper, ample margin, clear print, and fair binding. The book is illustrated with fourteen fine engravings, representing the most striking points in the history.

* * * "The Giant Judge" is marked by the characteristics peculiar to Dr. Scott's productions: earnestness of purpose, a lucid style, fertility of classic allusion and illustration, and a familiarity with the resources of biblical and general literature, which shows his vast reading, and that he has read to purpose. * * A perusal of the book satisfies us that it is well calculated to promote those objects. The style is well sold. Maintaining a "strict fidelity to the text," the life of Samson is invested with a dramatic interest that increases up to its close in the last grand tragedy; while every part of it is accompanied with reflections and applications which must make deep and salutary impressions on the mind and heart of the reader. We are tempted to write a lengthy criticism, but as we hope every reader of *The Methodist* will buy and read the book, we forbear.—*Pacific Methodist.*

THE GIANT JUDGE.—This is the title of a new work by the Rev. Dr. Scott, which has been laid on our table by the publishers, Messrs. Whitton, Towne & Co. Without yet having had an opportunity of perusing the book that examination necessary to enable us to speak of it understandingly, we can truly say that its typographical appearance indicates that its contents have been clothed in a dress commensurate with their real value. And we have no doubt that the Reverend author, in his preface, has indicated the object and tenor of the work with great faithfulness. He says: "Firmly believing that the purity and sacredness of marriage, and the social elevation and well-being of families, and the right training and home-education of children, especially in new States, lie at the foundation of all true national prosperity, I have labored earnestly in the following pages to explain the history of Israel's Giant Judge, with fidelity to the text, and to make such reflections thereon, as I humbly hope may, with the divine blessing, promote domestic happiness, family piety, and true religion." We commend the work to the attention of the public.—*Alta California.*

NEW WORK.—"The Giant Judge; or the Story of Samson, the Hebrew Hercules," is the title of a work just issued from the press in this city. The author is the Rev. W. A. Scott, of Calvary Church, whose reputation as a divine, lecturer and author, is a sufficient recommendation of the present work. We have not had sufficient opportunity to read the book, and can only say that the typography is excellent, and the illustrations are finely executed.—*Chronicle.*

Copies are now being delivered to subscribers, and may be obtained on application to

WHITTON, TOWNE & CO., PUBLISHERS, Clay street, cor. Sansome.

jan16

UNRIVALED ATTRACTIONS!

EMERSON'S MAGAZINE AND PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

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THE union of EMERSON'S MAGAZINE and PUTNAM'S MONTHLY has given to the consolidated work a circulation second to but one similar publication in the country, and has secured for it a combination of literary and artistic talent probably unrivaled by any other magazine in the world. During the first month the sale to the trade and demand from subscribers exceeded 90,000 copies, and the numbers already issued of the consolidated work are universally conceded to have surpassed, in the richness of their literary contents, and the beauty and profuseness of their pictorial illustrations, any magazine ever before issued from the American press. Encouraged by these evidences of favor, the publishers have determined to commence the new volume in January with still additional attractions, and to offer such inducements to subscribers as cannot fail to place it, in circulation, at the head of American magazines. With this view they now announce the following splendid programme. They have purchased that superb and costly steel-plate engraving,

"THE LAST SUPPER,"

and will present a copy of it to every three-dollar subscriber for the year 1858. It was engraved at a cost of over $6,000, by the late celebrated A. L. Dick, from the original of Raphael Morghen, after Leonardo Da Vinci, and is the largest steel plate engraving ever executed in this country, being three times the size of the ordinary three-dollar engravings.

The first impressions of this engraving are held at $10, and it was the intention of the artist that none of the engravings should ever be offered for a less sum than $6, being richly worth that amount. Thus every three-dollar subscriber will receive the magazine one year—cheap at $3—and a splendid engraving, richly worth $6; thus getting for $3 the value of $9.

We shall commence striking off the engraving immediately, yet it can hardly be expected that impressions of so large a plate can be taken as fast as they will be called for by subscribers. We shall, therefore, furnish them in the order in which subscriptions are received. Those who desire to obtain their engravings early, and from the first impressions, should send in their subscriptions without delay. The engraving can be sent on rollers, by mail, or in any manner, as subscribers shall order.

$20,000 in Works of Art.

In addition to the superb engraving of "THE LAST SUPPER," which will be presented to every three-dollar subscriber for 1858, the publishers have completed arrangements for the distribution, on the 25th day of December, 1858, of a series of splendid works of art, consisting of one hundred rich and rare Oil Paintings, valued at from $100 to $1,000 each. Also, 2,000 magnificent Steel-Plate Engravings, worth from $3 to $5 each, and 1,000 choice Holiday Books, worth from $1 to $5 each, making, in all, over THREE THOUSAND GIFTS, worth TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Inclose $3 to the publishers, and you will commence receiving the magazine by return mail. You will also receive with the first copy a numbered subscription receipt entitling you to the engraving of "THE LAST SUPPER," and a chance to draw one of these "THREE THOUSAND PRIZES.

REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR **EMERSON'S MAGAZINE FOR 1858.**

First—Because its literary contents will, during the year, embrace contributions from over one hundred different writers and thinkers, numbering among them the most distinguished of American authors.

Second—Because its editorial departments, "Our Studio," "Our Window," and "Our Ollo," will each be conducted by an able editor—and it will surpass, in the variety and richness of its editorial contents, any other magazine.

Third—Because it will contain, during the year, nearly six hundred original pictorial illustrations from designs by the first American authors.

Fourth—Because for the sum of $3 you will receive this splendid monthly, more richly worth that sum than any other magazine, and the superb engraving of "THE LAST SUPPER," worth $6 more.

Fifth—Because you will very likely draw one of the three thousand prizes to be distributed on the 25th day of December, 1858—perhaps one that is worth $1,000.

Notwithstanding that these extraordinary inducements can hardly fail to accomplish the objects of the publishers without further efforts, yet they have determined to continue through the year

The Great Library Offer.

To any person who will get up a club of twenty-four subscribers, either at one or more post offices, we will present a splendid Library, consisting over Forty Large Bound Volumes, embracing the most popular works in the market. The club may be formed at the club price, $2 a year, without the engraving, or at the full price, $3, with the engraving of the Last Supper to each subscriber. List and description of the Library, and specimen copy of the Magazine, will be forwarded on receipt of 25 cents. Over 200 Libraries, or 5,000 volumes, have already been distributed in accordance with this offer, and we should be glad of an opportunity to furnish a Library to every clergyman, to every school teacher, or to some one at every post office in the country.

MAKING MONEY.

The success which our agents are meeting with is almost astonishing. With such inducements as we offer, anybody can obtain subscribers. We invite every gentleman out of employment to call upon us, or address us by letter, immediately on receipt of this notice, if he wishes to engage in a pleasant and profitable business, by which will merge be forwarded with answer to application by return mail.

SPECIMEN ENGRAVING.

As we desire to place in the hands of every person who proposes to get up a club for either of our works, a copy of the engraving of "THE LAST SUPPER," as a specimen, each applicant inclosing us 25 cents will receive the engraving, post-paid by return mail, also specimens of our publications, and full particulars of our unrivaled subscription terms, entitling the holder to the Magazine one year and to a chance in the distribution. This offer is made only to those who desire to act as agents. Address

G. A. SMITH & CO.
No. 371 Broadway, New York.

PRICE REDUCED TO ONLY $1 50.

And LESS where a number of tickets are purchased.

DR. BOURNE'S ELECTRO-CHEMICAL BATHS.

THEY REMOVE FROM THE HUMAN SYSTEM MERcury in all its forms, and all other mineral poisons administered by drug doctors by accident, or by pursuing unfavorable calling, are the almost universal CAUSES of rheumatism, stiff joints, weak and lame backs, neural

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

"Where is your Bible?"

Alfred Bell, when the fever for emigrating to California was at its height, did not escape the contagion, and, though not nineteen years old, nothing would do but he must leave a pleasant home and a kind mother and a little sister, and go to dig for gold in the newly-found State.

After three years he returned, and his mother and sister greeted him with warm embraces.

"I have something pretty for you in my trunk, Minnie," he said to his little sister. "You see I have but little baggage. That one small trunk has been with me through sunshine and storm."

"Let me unpack it, brother, please," said Minnie; "I will be very careful and not tumble any of your nice clothes;" and taking the key from Alfred's hand, she proceeded to take out carefully one article after another, and put them on one side, until she came to the bottom of the trunk. She paused a moment, and, seeming to distrust herself, she put her hand first upon one article and then upon another; then looking up earnestly in her brother's face, while she still sat on the floor beside his unpacked things, she said:

"Where is your Bible, brother?"

"I have none," he said quickly.

"No Bible, Alfred?" said Minnie, as she arose and put her hand upon his arm: "no Bible, brother?"

"No Minnie," he said, a little impatient at her questions. "I left all my books in New York when I started for California; they took up too much room."

"And have you had no Bible for three whole years, brother?"

"No, Minne," he answered.

"Whose did you read at night, then, brother?"

"I did not read anybody's, Minnie. Come, don't bother me now. Let us find that pretty fine dress I have for you."

"No; stop a moment, brother. Have you not read the Bible for three whole years?"

"No, Minnie, I haven't; and I don't know as I have seen one since I have been in California."

Minnie stood and looked at him in utter astonishment, while the tears poured down her cheeks. At length, raising her eyes, she said in a low earnest voice—

"O, brother, were you not afraid that God would forget you?"

What an appeal to the brother's heart. He took the little Minnie in his arms, and, kissing her, he said:

"I am almost afraid I have been forgetting God, Minnie."

The case of Alfred Bell is not a single one. The earnest pleading of little Minnie touched Alfred's heart. That night he opened the sacred volume, and read aloud from its pages. "Pray for me, mother; for I have wandered far from God. I fear he may forget me." Night after night the earnest prayer ascended to the throne of grace. The brother was reclaimed from his wanderings, and now lives to be a blessing to his home, a truly Christian man, fearing God and walking in his commandments.—*American Messenger.*

THE VINTAGE IN GERMANY.

A correspondent of the State Department at Frankfort says, that the vintage of 1857, in the wine growing districts of this neighborhood has just been finished, and proves to be the best since the renowned year of 1811, as well in quantity as in quality. It is even spoken of as exceeding 1811, and as being the most abundant and best of the present century. Still, the poor wine-growers are not very likely to be much better remunerated for their labor than in the previous years, as, in consequence of the universal financial distress, money is scarce, the disposition to speculate has disappeared, and they are obliged to sell, if at all, at very cheap rates.

The stagnation in commerce and manufacturing affairs has even extended to the rivers in this vicinity. The Mayn is reduced to a mere thread; only the smallest kind of vessels can reach the city. The Rhine, of navigation is scarcely less difficult, especially in the prices of wood, which has advanced to an extraordinary and inconvenient price.

The Rhine has sunk down to such a depth as to give promise soon to more than it was supposed to hold within its channel. It cannot be navigated by the large class of Rhine vessels with any freight at all, and the smaller class find it difficult to get along with a third of a full cargo. For commercial purposes it is now nearly useless.

The grape growers of the West are about receiving large accessions to their numbers from Europe. A vessel arrived at Philadelphia a few days since from Genoa, bringing one hundred and twenty-five passengers, who all come to this country with the intention of proceeding West and engaging in the culture of the grape, with a view to the production of wine.

COMMERCIAL MORALS.*

"Owe no man anything, but to love one another."—ST. PAUL.

This is a very simple minded precept to proceed from the native soil of a mercantile city, himself engaged in trade, and member of a race not unconnected with the credit system of the world. It is not precisely the counsel which the lawyer is the habit of addressing to the Gentile; and shows in the apostle a temper strangely indifferent to the agitations of the synagogue and the money market. Could he have prevailed on all Rome, whose Christian community he was addressing, to act on his injunction, what would have become of the Hebrew banker and broker, when no noble wanted a mortgage on his lands, or a loan on his cargo; when the patrician spendthrift any longer executed a post-orbit, and greedy officials ceased to dabble in time bargains? If in our own day the precept were to acquire a sudden force, and all operations to be closed which violated it, what political revolution could be compared with the result? Were the apostle to carry this point and bring about a general settling day to-morrow, how many shops and offices would be open the next morning? How many acres, and houses, and ships would stand in the same names? If, by a universal winding up, every property were to come to its owner, every engagement to be presented into realisation, and all fictitious footings to be destroyed, how many that are now first would be last—when the balance was struck—and the last now first? And how many a one would then be found to have turned—and the last first? So utterly at variance with the whole social system appears the apostle's precept, that it is no wonder it next to impossible is in the conception of a world out of debt stood the belief of the world at its end. If it be wrong to owe, it is not right to borrow; and if no man may borrow, neither may any lend; and if no lending be allowed, the fertilizing flow of capital from its head waters to the thirsty spots of society is at an end; the world is gorged at one place and starved at another, with no health at either; unknown are sources of the earth and ocean, of the quarry and the mine, of the forest and the field, sleep unused, for want of a magic power, which is *there* all the while if we will but let it move. We do not let the actual possessors of wealth alone to propel it on its course, and work it through its applications, who can say how slow would be the productiveness of industry, and how narrow the circle of its activities.

Yet, if we turn from this outside action on the world to the inner effects on individual character, we can scarcely miss a certain truthful charm in the precept, "Owe no man anything, but to love one another." To have no debt but the eternal debt of love—to pay freely to affection without arrest from the preference claims of justice and discharged—a diseased problem of human life apart from oppressive and limiting conditions—to live among men with no other accounts than we have with our children and our God—this surely is to escape from a thousand fears and temptations, and win the very liberty of faith. This freedom from entanglement is the goal which most men hope to reach; and in struggling towards it, the conscientious bear the fetters of many a temple, and the heedless slip the foot on dangerous ground. This clear state is, by general consent, the position appropriate to those who are devoted to the service of God—to the ministers and servants of Truth, the interpreters of Beauty, the guides of Nations, the prophets of Religion. It is the preparation, without which few would wish to face the great series of experience—the prostration of sorrow, the call to heroic duty, the visible approach of death! If, then, you would feel it well to be free of care, when you step into the shadow of sacred hours or go home to the embrace of God; if the noblier and more final functions of life revolt from money complications; if an embarrassed philosopher—an indebted bishop—a ballif in the middle observatory, or the prophet's chamber—affords an image of humiliating incongruity; there must be a region of human character—and that the highest—which the accepted maxim of social life does not contain absurdity into a native and congenial wisdom. We might treat it, therefore, as a "counsel of perfection;" as a rule not perhaps to be realized in the world as it now is, but still indicating the limit towards which all are to press, and which "as many as would be perfect" will seize at once. There are apparently cases in human life in which we discern and distinguish not so much the absolute right and wrong, as the *better* and the *worse*; and we may recommend and revere the greater, without warranting ourselves in condemning the less. While the individual conscience indeed—in the private account between the soul and her God—this sliding scale of duty has no place; save, the *better* decision is the *sole* one to aim at; and whatever falls short of our best possibility must incur the censure of absolute wrong. But the bystander knows not the rags and register of each private account; cannot tell how far the decision of conscience was conscious insight now; and though he may exhibit and dispose in their rightful glory all the steps, from their base on earth to their landing in heaven, he may condemn those persons only who fail to climb what all men see, or fall from a rank they have already seized; and he must not presume to demand from every chance neighbor the height of every saint, or that the ascent be completed until to-morrow. God only knows the wise deep hearts to which he has revealed high calmness with the tenderness of a heavenly call; and whose life unmistakably is hidden with Christ in God. Let us, meanwhile, it is for us to own indeed and revere the voice, but not to repeat it in the market place and at the corners of the streets, requiring every earnest man to become a St. Francis, and every gifted lady a Florence Nightingale.

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*thing outstanding in the world while yet continuance; nor can there be one rule of good for its probation, and another for its judgment. We venture, therefore, to believe that the *spirit*, the *mood of mind*, the *conscious security against injuring others*, the *exemption from disabling cares*, the *openness to general affections*, implied in the apostle's words, are far over and for all men-inherent elements of the Christian character; and if we sacredly guard these, while we translate his precept into terms of continuous duration and an abiding law, it will prove to have still for us its moral and its rebuke.

It would no doubt be pedantic to interpret the words "Owe no man anything," into a universal obligation to the ready money system. In a world whose transactions take time, and where the circle of exchange is of wide circumference, an interval, often considerable, must interpose between the commencement and the completion of an engagement; and it were absurd to make a sin out of this necessary incident of commerce, and to regard as an offender every man who has a pending compact. Nay, it is possibly this period of suspense—when men part with their own in reliance on another, and sleep soundly, not amid guarded possessions, but with their treasures scattered to the four quarters of the earth, and look as proudly on a few names in their books, as they would on broad acres of part or field;—that gives scope to the moral qualities exercised in mercantile affairs;—the cautious vigilance at first, the honorable trust at last, the scrupulous pause before the promise, the sacred firmness afterwards. The merchant who has a credit at the bank, or insured goods afloat, in clear excess of his existing obligations, can, with only formal correctness, be said to "owe anything." How long, under such conditions, the actual settlement may remain in suspense, is indeed an important problem of *moral prudence*. The term of credit must vary in different affairs. Its sweep of duration should follow as closely as possible that of the reciprocal dealings themselves; a week's account being as long for retail purchases in the next street, as a *year* for exchanges across half the world. Whoever requires more time than this rule would give him, and has become dependent on further delay, has clear warning that his footing is unsound. Credit is essentially a reliance upon character during the currency of a transaction; and with the cycle of the transaction it should ever be susceptible of close. Restrained within these limits, the mere existence of incomplete and unrealized transactions constitutes no offence against the apostolic precept, provided the *balance sheet* which records them be at every moment unambiguously *right*, and be reviewed at intervals too short for danger to creep in. This is the one point on which the question of simply owing turns. And here it is that, to the eye of the mere outward observer, the modern notions of honor seem to be in danger of deplorable decline. There ought to be no difference on these questions between the invariable sentiment of the Christian moralist and the feeling of the man of business. But in the rapid expansion of relations and the haste of human affairs, practices slide insensibly into existence and get a footing as usages, before any conscience has time to estimate them; and when they have won the sanction of prescription, they soon shape conscience to suit them, and laugh at the moralist or critic as a simpleton, and hurry on to the crash of social retribution.

Thus, one thing has ever remained a mystery to us, and seems unattackably to violate an apostle's precept. "Owe no man anything;"—that a man who *has nothing* could feel easy in *borrowing something*; or a man that has *half*, in borrowing *double*. If, indeed, the loan be virtually or contingently a *gift*, from persons able and anxious to serve him at such cost, there may be nothing to condemn. And only thus, you will perhaps assure me, can the case really occur; for the open market such a resourceless borrower could gain no attention. But there are countless intermediate instances, constituting probably nine-tenths of the whole, in which by appeal to the good nature of friends, or the trustingness of sisters and other relatives, a trader whom no one purposes to endow, and whose bond no money broker would take, commands the command of funds for which he cannot give security. In such case he undertakes a trust which he is not in condition to assume. It is not enough that he is conscious of the will, he is bound to know his *power*, to discharge it. Failing this, he does but hand over to another the risks which are nominally his own—a thing from which surely it needs no generosity, no little nicety of justice, to shrink. We know that it is said that superfluous capital is glad to meet with empty handed capacity and character to turn it to account. As a rule, however, if those hands have always been empty we should doubt their fitness to become suddenly full; and if they eagerly take what is offered, we should be on our suspicion of danger. we doubt the fineness and solidity of character which are assumed as the ground of trust. The abundance of capital will be in a measure, if it tempts us to invert the healthy order of nature and old usage—that a man must earn for himself ere he has a right to borrow from another, and must mortgage what he has for the use of what he has not. The scruple is not less wise than it is conscientious which forbids us *to take on trust more than we can give in pledge*; and whoever is in haste to break through its restraints is anxious to trade on a high character which he has not resolution to attain. It is the prior discipline of care and patience, the Spartan bread of toil and self denial, the slow command of wages saved, the cautious use of that incipient store, that lay the true foundation for the merchants thrift and faithfulness; and in proportion as this schooling is dispensed with, and great resources are flung into the hands of mere administrative agents, who touch what is others' ere they have handled their own, we must expect the spread of looseness and dishonor.

The same principle which connects prudence at the beginning forbids fictitious inflation in the continuance of a business, and requires of every honest man *a strict and well ascertained limit to the transactions which he bases on a given capital*. We are not so presumptuous as to pronounce on the ratio of that limit. We know well that it will be differently stated by judges of equal uprightness and experience, and that it cannot be constant for every kind of mercantile concern. But a right limit for each there assuredly is; and whoever has not a clear conception of where it lies in his own affairs, and does not keep as far within it as to forego advantage to himself rather to bring hazard upon others, is chargeable, if not with fraudulent intent, at least with unprincipled incompetency. Every engagement taken beyond that line he has a decreasing chance of fulfilling; every new creditor is more likely to become his victim; every fresh stock taking to show less manageable figures. The appetite for extension once having passed the healthy bounds, grows voracious as an atrophy; the business consumes whatever it can lay hands upon, and dies itself mere skin and bone. The sinking practice of incurring immense liabilities with no reserved base at all, or only enough to support a small speculative average of differences, occupies in reality, be the suffrages in its favor ever so many, no higher moral level than the turf or the gaming table. And if this instrue of *bona fide* trade, overhanging too far, and towering too high for its base to support, what shall we say of that spurious trade in the mere visionaries of price which is conducted without any real exchange, by men who have simply the hardihood to bet beyond their means, and which none can gain but by the misfortune of his neighbor? Is it that makes commerce an honorable and humanizing thing?—that mutual advantage is inseparable from it? What is it that makes gambling detestable?—that mutual advantage is impossible in it. And by this certain mark, with the attendant contrast of temper and habits it implies, may any eye distinguish the sphere of creditable business from that of illicit cupidity. The observer of life cannot fail to remark that the dispositions of men are largely influenced by the kind of property which is their immediate concern. In landed estate there is a fiduciary element which forbids the idea of duty entirely to escape. The organism of manufacturing industry calls out the faculties for administering capital and governing men, and disciplines the mind to concentration and force. Legitimate commerce, living nearer to the fluctuating margin of affairs, and directly entangled in a world-wide net-work of relations, encourages flexibility and breadth more than sustained energy, inclines to the quick venture rather than the sure toil, and creates a taste for the generous more than for the just. The temptation deepens, as the wealth that is handled exchanges a fixed for a speculative character. And there is something intrinsically perilous and demoralizing in habitual dealings with values highly precarious and sensitive to the breath of men's opinion; and unless they are sustained about a solid nucleus of real transactions with material wealth, they produce a fever of imagination and dizziness of head, to be feared by a man of calm eye of reverence for the ends of life, and mean to keep their seat till the true goal is reached.

On similar grounds it might the mere observing moralist as strange that the question can ever be raised; *how long an insolvent*, after discovering the posture of his affairs, may *continue his business in hope of a favorable turn?* No answer of unsophisticated honesty would assuredly be—Not for one hour on his own responsibility. If counselors, whose interest gives them a title to advise, after knowing the whole, recommend him to go on, we do not say that the scruple may not be fairly overcome; or if his deficiency is simply due to an unwarrantable style of living, and its conquest is clearly within the reach of practicable retrenchment, he may fairly work through his secret by resolute self denial. But otherwise, he is no longer master of his own affairs, and is at once usurper and deceiver every hour that he wields them. He can have no right to make the interest of his creditors still deeper on new transactions, based upon a lying credit, carried on with the face of a hypocrite, and contingent on successful dissimulation. He is reduced to the condition in which, having nothing of his own, he uses the resources of others, not only without security but without their leave; treacherously availing himself of the position of power in which their past confidence has misplaced him. It is no sufficient excuse that he has sanguine expectations of benefiting them;—the time has come when their voice, not his, must pronounce upon this hope. In him it coincides too nearly with the procrastination of cowardice and the dread of shame, to avoid the suspicion of self deception. And the cases, it will be admitted, are actually rare, in which the avowal of failure has been escaped or alleviated by postponement while the actual story of delay tells of an ever-deepening plunge into entanglement, from which little is extricated at last but the stripped and lacerated personality of the bankrupt himself. It is indeed notorious that the plea of concern for "the estate" is for the most part a vain pretence, and that concealment is continued from desire to stave off the evil day; the resolute is anxious to trade on a high character which he has not resolution to attain. It is the prior discipline of care and patience, the Spartan bread of toil and self denial, the slow command of wages saved, the cautious use of that incipient store, that lay the true foundation for the merchants thrift and faithfulness; and in proportion as this schooling is dispensed with, and great resources are flung into the hands of mere administrative agents, who touch what is others' ere they have handled their own, we must expect the spread of looseness and dishonor.

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*We received, some time since, from an esteemed correspondent, the following paper on "Commercial Morals." It was originally delivered in Hope street Chapel Church, Liverpool, on Sunday, November 30th, 1856, by James Martineau. We cheerfully comply with the request to lay it before the readers of the *Merchants' Magazine*, more especially as the truths it contains are rendered so peculiarly applicable to the times. Mr. Martineau is the minister of a congregation drawn chiefly from the mercantile classes of a modern Tyre, and not indifferent to the special duties and temptations of his position. We gladly commend the views of the author to the careful consideration of business men in all our large commercial cities.—(ED. MER. MAG.

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